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WELL BUNCHED.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE SILVER QUESTION TO-DAY.

THERE is again heard in some quarters the comforting assurance that the silver question is dead. It may indeed be dead so far as it is expressed in the formula that this government should admit silver freely to its mints and coin it on the basis that sixteen ounces of it are worth one ounce of gold, although as a matter of fact one ounce of gold may be worth more than twice as much as sixteen ounces of silver. During the last few weeks the evidence of the fallacy of the chief arguments of the advocates of free coinage has been presented in the markets of the world with a convincing force that should lead even Mr. WOLCOTT to reflection and Mr. STEWART to silence. Who now are the conspirators against silver, and what becomes of the theory that all prices, including the price of silver, are low on account of the appreciation of gold?

Nature itself seems at present to be the head and front of the anti-silver conspiracy. The administration has as yet accomplished nothing for what the "gold-bugs" call currency reform. Congress has not yet struck a single blow at silver. Senator WOLCOTT, Mr. STEVENSON, and Mr. PAYNE are wandering among the statesmen of Europe, and until their recent repulse in England were sending hopeful messages to the bimetallists of the United States. But in the face of all this the price of silver is falling and the price of wheat is rising. It is true that the price of silver has been falling for some years, but so have the prices of many other commodities, while the prices of still other commodities have fluctuated, and of others still have risen. But these fluctuating and rising prices have not furnished convenient arguments for the advocates of free silver, and have been overlooked by them. The point which they have wished to establish is that the price of silver bears a closer relation than does the price of gold to the prices of other commodities. It was never true, but there was some evidence in support of the proposition, which was magnified and made the most of by those who looked to what they called the "rehabilitation of silver" as a cure-all for the commercial and industrial evils under which individuals in this country were suffering. In 1890 the average price of silver was $1 05 an ounce, and last year it had fallen to 67 cents an ounce. In the mean time wheat, which had sold for 98 cents the bushel in 1890 and for $1 09 in 1891, had fallen to 61 cents in 1894, and had risen to 67 cents in 1895. But although the price of wheat could not therefore have been said to follow that of silver, it was low, as silver was, and therefore, it was argued by these curious logicians, if the price of silver could be advanced there would be better times, for the crop of the farmer would bring him a larger revenue if it could be measured in terms of silver. Now, however, the tenuous theory on which was hung the argument of sympathetic prices has been absolutely destroyed, for nature itself has made it apparent that changes in the price of silver do not necessarily correspond with changes in the prices of anything else, but that the relative prices of all commodities depend upon the relative supply and demand. Wheat is going up, and farmers are promised prosperity because the crop in the United States is large, while the crops in competing countries have fallen off in quantity and quality. The demand of the countries which are fed by the wheat-growers of the West and East is relatively as great as ever, but the supply is not so great as usual, and of that supply the farmers of the United States have the largest and the best part. Silver is going down because the demand for it is less. There is evidently no future for silver as a money metal. Notwithstanding the polite reception with which our wandering commissioners have met, no European statesman of great prominence, except possibly M. MÉLINE, believes that bimetallism will be adopted by the commercial nations of the world. It is true that there is some talk of "doing something" for silver, short of agreeing to bimetallism, but even if such talk should result in something, even in the reopening of the Indian mints, there is no reason to suppose that the price of silver would be raised. European countries have more than enough silver for the purposes of subsidiary coinage, while in this country the amount of silver in the Treasury and in circulation has increased, from 1879 to 1896, from $86,000,000 to $628,000,000. This immense increase, which is almost wholly in the sum of silver dollars—for the increase in subsidiary coinage is small—is due to efforts to "do something" for silver, while the price of the metal has declined from $1 12 an ounce, the average price in 1879, to a little less than 56 cents an ounce, the price at about which it is now selling. Thus it has been that "doing something" for silver by this country alone has not retarded the decline of its price, and while the united commercial world might be more successful, there is no chance whatever for such a union. In the mean time the important fact for the consideration of our own silver advocates is that the decline of silver has not affected other prices, but that wheat which was selling at 76½ cents on July 3 was selling at 90 cents on August 12. And that the prices of securities have also wonderfully advanced, not by reason of speculation, but because investors believe that the revival of business will enable the railroads that carry wheat to earn dividends once more.

It may be, as we said, that the silver question is dead. It certainly ought to be, for it has been demonstrated that the principal arguments of the advocates of its free coinage are false, and that the price of silver and the prices of other things are determined by causes independent of one another. Moreover, nature, that sometimes does not do things by halves, is not only growing wheat enough in the United States to supply a needy world, but is revealing stores of gold in such quantities that it is clear that there will not be a lack of that money metal so long as a money metal shall be needed. It is estimated by Mint-Director PRESTON that for this year alone the world's product of gold will be $240,000,000. But although nature and the facts are against the silver movement, it is not wise to count on the death of the causes which produced it. Even if the craze for cheap money ceases to express itself in a demand for free coinage of silver, our politics will not be rid of the main question until our money system is on a sound basis, and until the currency and banking laws have been reformed in such manner that the causes which have made the silver movement strong are removed.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

THE full text of the order of injunction which was issued by Judge JACKSON in West Virginia forbidding DEBS and his followers to enter upon the lands of the Monongah Coal and Coke Company, or to interfere in any way with the employés of the company, does not bear out DEBS's interpretation of it. DEBS asserted that the injunction restrained him from walking on the public highways, that it enjoined him off the face of the earth, and the reports of the intent and substance of Judge JACKSON's order, as it was reported in the West Virginia newspapers, supported such an interpretation and deceived the unwary. Now it turns out that the injunction simply restrains the defendants from doing unlawful acts.

It is unfortunate that the interference of the courts has been suggested in cases of this class by the inability or unwillingness of the executive and administrative authorities to do their duty. An order of injunction directed against strikers commands them to refrain from doing that which the police power ought to prevent them from doing. The restraint of criminal acts by injunction also facilitates the punishment of the guilty. A violation of the order is contempt of court, and the offenders may be punished without trial by jury, and without being confronted with their accusers and the witnesses against them. So that the new method of proceeding may also be an expression of distrust in the juries of the vicinity.

It will always be difficult, probably impossible, to convince those who are the victims of "government by injunction" that this method is not adopted to deprive them of the right of trial by jury. They will doubtless always believe that the proceeding against them for contempt is merely an indirect way of punishing them for the crime the commission of which the injunction forbids, and of depriving them, by an evasion, of a fundamental and constitutional right. Therefore the policy of the method is at least open to question. But it is not to be wondered at that the method of injunction is resorted to for the protection of rights and property attacked by mobs. In the present instances, as we have said, the applications for injunctions are a recognition that the police force is unable or unwilling to do its duty. They constitute a serious reflection on the governments of the States of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Indiana, as the original DEBS case was a reflection on the government of Illinois, of which ALTGELD was the head. If the good people of the States involved are opposed, as they ought to be, to the practical transfer of their police powers to the judiciary, they will elect Governors and sheriffs who not only have some respect for the law, but sufficient independence and courage to enforce it.

That the coal company in West Virginia was right in supposing that Governor ATKINSON was not such a man has been abundantly shown by that official himself since the granting of the injunction order. He has remitted the fine of a man who had been imprisoned for twenty-four hours, and sentenced to pay a fine of $100, the sufficient penalty, in the opinion of the West Virginia court, for shooting the alienator of his wife's affection. And in remitting the fine, this astounding executive indulged himself in speech worthy only of an outlaw, expressing his regret that the injured husband had not been able to do his whole duty and to kill the destroyer of his domestic happiness. It is not wonderful that such a Governor should be deemed untrustworthy when it comes to a question between the law and local popular opinion. The wonder is, in view of the sentence inflicted upon the subject of this gubernatorial rhapsody on crime, who goes forth with the assurance of the pardoning power that he is now at liberty to commit murder with impunity, that any one in West Virginia can have any more confidence in the judges than in the politicians of the executive branch of the government.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

IN an editorial paragraph commenting on the recently established John Harvard Scholarships, we lately said,

> For the first time in the history of American education the distinction of a scholarship is open to rich and poor alike; for the first time well-to-do undergraduates are offered a tangible reward of excellence.

We are now informed that at Cornell University scholarships (both graduate and undergraduate) and fellowships are, and since their establishment have been, open to rich and poor students on precisely the same terms. By the conditions of her charter Cornell is annually to receive students, one from each Assembly district of the State—free of any tuition-fee—in consideration of their superior ability, and as a reward for superior scholarship in the academies and public schools of the State. In addition to these, the university trustees have established thirty-six undergraduate scholarships, the statute concerning which reads, "These scholarships are given for the first two years of any course, on the basis of excellence in special examinations held at the beginning of the Freshman year." Finally, seventeen graduate scholarships and twenty-two fellowships are annually awarded, on the basis of merit only, to "graduates of this [Cornell] university, or of some other institution having equivalent courses of instruction."

The opinion we expressed was founded on the practice of the older American universities, and on the fact that at Harvard a long and earnest struggle was required to obtain for well-to-do students of note the bare name of scholar. It is particularly gratifying to find that at one of our newest, and in many ways most American, institutions the idea of scholarship is dissociated from poverty.

TAXATION.

FROM several suburbs of the city of New York there has just been going up "a great and exceeding bitter cry" about the raising of the valuations of real estate for purposes of taxation. As might perhaps have been anticipated, this cry proceeds with especial bitterness from the urban owners of country-seats, who represent that their estates have been particularly overvalued, and accuse the rustic assessors of endeavoring to make the summer sojourners defray the entire cost of the local government. They complain also that their personal property has been equally overvalued.

The incident is one which carries a general moral. Of course an invidious assessment is very hard to bear, but if a particular piece of property has been thus assessed, the fact can be made to appear to the satisfaction of fair-minded men, if not to that of the assessors. A complaint of general and systematic overvaluation is merely absurd. A certain amount being necessary to be raised for public pur-

poses, neither overvaluation nor undervaluation signifies anything. The amount to be paid by each tax-payer will be exactly the same, whether it is paid at a low rate on a high valuation, or at a high rate on a low valuation. The statute of New York requires the appraisal of taxable property at its true valuation. In many communities, however, this requirement has been for years disregarded, and the valuation for taxation has been absurdly disproportionate to the actual value. Nobody gained anything by the practice, but it has become so inveterate that when a departure is made from it in the direction of honesty and reason and the law, the departure is resented as an outrage.

As to the overvaluation of personal property, the complainants are quite right in principle, however wrong they may be in detail. The valuation of personal property is compounded of inquisition and conjecture. The first ingredient makes the taxation of such property objectionable, as the income tax was objectionable, because it is "a tax on honesty." So must every tax be that is levied upon what can be concealed or undervalued. The second ingredient makes the tax into which it enters equally objectionable. The temptation, to a man reputed to be rich, is very strong indeed to conceal his goods from the tax-gatherer when he knows or believes that, even if he make a full and true statement, his tax may be increased by the caprice of the assessors. It may be true that in some regions the assessors are guessing higher than usual this year. The greater is the necessity for limiting taxation to objects which cannot be concealed, and the amount and value of which are not matters of guesswork or of the owner's interested statement. There is in truth but one tax which cannot be evaded, and which distributes itself with accuracy among men according to their ability to pay, and that is the tax on land. It is a great pity that the rationality and justice of the "single tax" have been brought into question by the crazy schemes that have been appended to it, but of which, in principle, it is quite independent.

CÁNOVAS AND CUBA.

Although his treatment of the Cuban insurrection did not indicate it, Cánovas del Castillo was undoubtedly the most capable politician in Spain. To remain at the head of affairs in that country so long was in itself a considerable feat. Political differences in Spain go below questions of policy to the form and the substance of the government itself. The "proletariat" in Spain is the fiercest in Europe, as is shown by the horrible massacres the anarchists have succeeded in perpetrating there, and, indeed, by the assassination of the Prime Minister himself. These excesses have, for the time, eclipsed the real Republican party, as the Reign of Terror in France checked the development of liberal institutions throughout Europe. But the republican sentiment is still extensive and deep, and it is necessary for a Spanish statesman to take account of it. A supporter of the monarchy in office must know when it is necessary to yield to the will of the nation, and when that will may be safely thwarted.

That Cuba must be subjugated the late Premier took for one of the public commandments that he must obey. Probably it was so at the beginning of the insurrection, but it may well be questioned whether it is so now. If it be no longer so, then the crime by which he has been removed may work for good to humanity and civilization. For so long as Cánovas del Castillo remained at the head of affairs he could not have made the acknowledgment that the subjugation of Cuba was a hopeless enterprise, even though he might personally have been convinced of its hopelessness. His successor can afford to make that acknowledgment if he is convinced that the Spanish nation will permit it. And why should the Spanish nation longer resist it? The war which has devastated Cuba has brought Spain to ruin. A remorseless conscription has taken a victim from every hamlet, from almost every household in the country, and of these conscripts the majority will either not return or will return as wrecks. Yet the drain of blood and treasure goes on, and is brought to the notice of every Spaniard. How long will a barren and bankrupt pride sustain the Spaniards to demand the continuance of this destruction?

We ourselves are the nearest witnesses to what is going on in Cuba, and we have been revolted and horrified by the aimless and hopeless slaughter and devastation. We have notified Spain that we could not view with indifference the indefinite prolongation of what is really a war of extermination. The time would come when we should be forced to interfere. Does not the death of Cánovas afford us an opportunity of making representations at Madrid to which Cánovas del Castillo was forced by what seemed to him the necessities of his position to turn a deaf ear, but to which his successor may be able and disposed to listen?

HAWAII, JAPAN, AND THE UNITED STATES.

The shrill cry which recently resounded over the land, that unless the American flag be raised in Hawaii at once the Japanese would swoop down and take the islands, and that therefore there was not a moment to lose, has somewhat subsided. Indeed, it is hard to see how that cry could be kept up in the face of the repeated and authoritative declarations of the Japanese government that nothing could be further from their minds than such an intention. The Japanese minister in Mexico goes even so far as to say that if Hawaii were presented to Japan as a gift, with the consent of everybody, Japan would not take it. Nor are such utterances on the part of Japanese statesmen at all surprising. Japan has introduced herself in the family of civilized nations as a new power by a brilliant feat. But she became aware at once that she was not strong enough to keep all the fruits of her victory over China against the pretensions of other powers, and that to maintain herself in possession of those of them that were left to her she would have to husband her resources with circumspection. Her financial means are comparatively small, and her naval and military armaments out of proportion costly. It would be extremely unwise for her, under such circumstances, to scatter her forces in adventurous enterprises that might involve her in dangerous entanglements and collisions. Abstinence from any attempt at conquest that might disturb the peace of the Pacific and arouse the jealousy of other powers is therefore her natural policy.

But that, even if Japan does not intend to take the Hawaiian Islands, she has the impudence of uttering a word of protest against our taking them, should, in the opinion of our Jingoes, be promptly resented. "What!" they exclaim, "Japan protest against anything we consider it our right to do! Now, whether it be otherwise beneficial to us or not, the honor of the American flag demands that we should do it at once, if merely to show that we will not be bullied by any other power." Is not this naughty boys' talk? To be sure, when we propose to do a thing which we consider right and honorable and advantageous, the mere protest of another power may not deter us from doing it. But when we propose to do a thing of which it is still doubtful whether it be right, and honorable, and advantageous, should we then, in spite of such doubt, consider ourselves in honor bound to do it, just because another power protests? Would not this be childish? Will not our honor as well as our interests be best protected if we think and feel and talk and conduct ourselves as people that are of mature age? If we do so we shall find that the question whether the annexation of Hawaii is right and proper and advantageous to us should, after all, be considered the main question, and that the attempt to stampede the American people from a sober consideration of it into an irrevocable step of incalculable consequence by rabid cries about foreign impudence is reckless demagogy.

As to that main question, the chief point of the Japanese protest should be well kept in mind. It is that in the scheme of annexation the treaty rights of the Japanese living in Hawaii are not properly respected. And here, again, the most important question, as to whether we should annex Hawaii, is not what those treaty rights of the Japanese are and how they might be secured, but it is, how those Japanese happened to come there. They did not invade Hawaii as conquerors, nor as adventurers, nor as ordinary immigrants. They came there at the instance of the Hawaiian government, as laborers whose help was very much needed. The principal product of Hawaii—reports say fourteen-fifteenths of the whole—is sugar. When planting began on a large scale, the labor problem became a very pressing one. Native labor was insufficient. Various experiments in importing field-hands resulted in failure. A large number of Portuguese were imported, and also some hundreds of Germans and Norwegians. When these got the first experience of the work they were put to in that "most beautiful of all climates," they were so exasperated that the agent who had brought them there had to run for his life. Then the experiments of inducing white men to do the principal productive work in that country ceased, and recourse was had to Asiatics. It was a matter of necessity. A large number of Chinese came, whom —it is needless to inquire for what reason—the other inhabitants of Hawaii disliked, although they proved excellent field-hands. Then the Hawaiian government under King Kalakaua entered into a labor convention and a treaty of amity and commerce with Japan, under which, in the course of years, about 40,000 Japanese were imported, 25,000 of whom are still there.

It is not intended to discuss here the terms of that treaty, and how they were kept or violated. The significant fact stands forth that the treaty was the outcome of the necessity to invite or import Asiatics to do the principal labor of the country, because under the existing climatic influences white men were utterly unable to do it. Here, then, we have to do with a country whose laboring force—that is, the bulk of whose population—consists, and will necessarily always consist, of people not belonging to the white race. Of late a project has been broached to organize on a large scale the emigration of negroes from our Southern States to Hawaii. The chief promoter of this scheme advocates it on the ground that white men cannot work on the cane, rice, or coffee fields of Hawaii, while the climate would be congenial to the blacks, and that a transfer of a large part of our colored population would be beneficial to both countries. Behind this, no doubt, is the thought that a substitution of American negroes for Japanese and Chinese laborers in Hawaii would make the annexation of the islands less objectionable to the American people. Whether such a migration in mass can be carried out, and whether the somewhat improvident negro would prove as satisfactory a laborer to the planters in Hawaii as the industrious and thrifty Japanese and Chinese, may be questioned. But even if the substitution were successfully effected, the essential fact would still remain the same: that Hawaii is a country whose laboring force, that is, the bulk of whose population, will not be of the white race.

Such a country with such a population will, if we annex Hawaii, become an active part of our political system. It will in the course of time inevitably be admitted as a State of the Union, on an equal footing with the other States. The United States will have to guarantee to it a republican form of government. Through its Senators and Representatives and its electoral vote it will, such as it is, exercise power in governing all of us. Is this desirable? It may be said that we have already in some of our Southern States similar conditions, and that we manage to get along with them. This is to a limited extent true. But how? In the Southern States there was always, since their settlement, at least a strong stock of white people, mostly of what we call Anglo-Saxon blood. And what has been the result? For a long period the colored laboring population was kept in slavery. Slavery caused a bloody civil war, in consequence of which it was abolished. But that did not end the trouble. The negroes, having been emancipated, were endowed with the right of suffrage. Neither did that end the trouble. The trouble only assumed a new form. It is needless to describe how there is in some of the Southern States, on the part of the whites, a constant struggle for mastery, carried on under the plea of necessity, by means which ill comport with the principles of democratic government. There is a chronic race conflict, breaking out in old or new shapes every day, and nobody can tell what the final consequences will be. What is said here is not inspired by race prejudice; but we have to recognize facts which nobody can deny.

All these conditions of difficulty appear in Hawaii in a far more dangerous proportion. Its climate is tropical. Its population of Germanic blood is infinitesimally small; the political ascendency of it depends on force; its white people are preponderantly Portuguese of a low order. Its principal labor cannot possibly be done except by people suited to the tropical climate—that is, not by whites. Government on a truly democratic basis is therefore out of the question. If the outward form of a republic be preserved, it can be only an oligarchy far more pronounced and exclusive than any in our Southern States was, because the proportion of white people will be smaller. There will be, necessarily, the completest attainable subjection of the laboring population to a small minority, and race conflicts without end. This is not the worst of it. Nothing can be more certain than that, when this republic has once cut loose from its conservative traditional policy, and started on the course of adventurous aggrandizement, there will be many more tropical conquests of a similar kind.

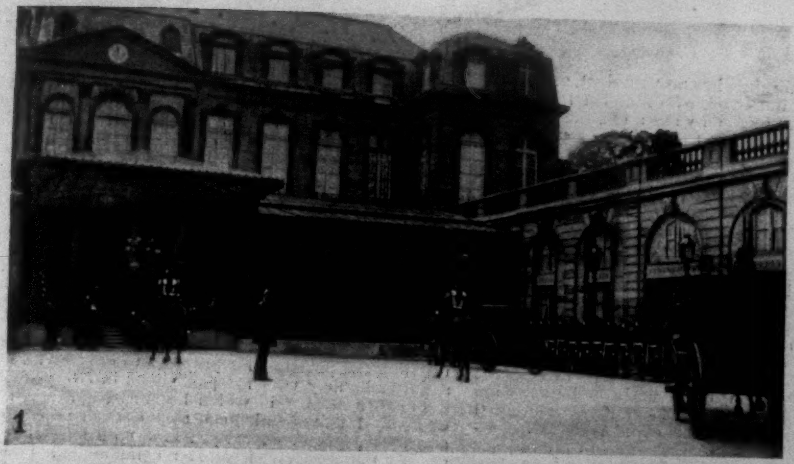
In the face of all this, is it not time that patriotic Americans should soberly ask themselves whether the race problems we already have on hand are not enough for us? Should we recklessly multiply and aggravate them without necessity?

Carl Schurz.

NEWPORT'S BRILLIANT SUMMER FÊTE—SCENES IN THE HARBOR DURING THE NIGHT ILLUMINATION.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.—[See Page 827.]

1. A Windmill of Fire. 2. The New York Yacht Club Landing. 3. Search-Lights from the Men-of-War, and Display of Fireworks. 4. On Thames Street. 5. The Yacht Fleet and Old Glory in a Blaze of colored Lights.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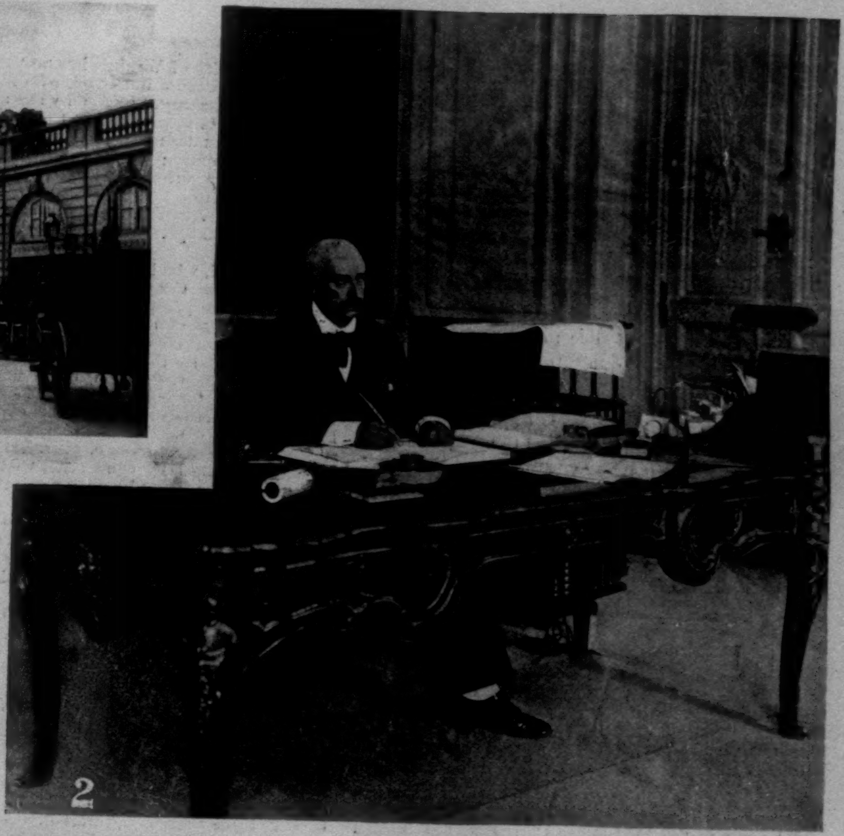
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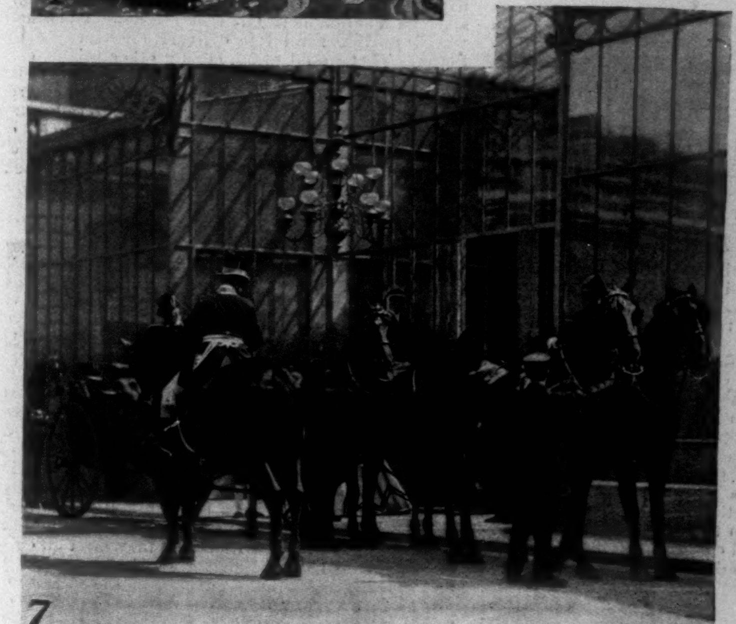
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FRANÇOIS FÉLIX FAURE, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, AT HOME.—[See Page 827.]

From Photographs by Jules Gervais-Courtellemont.

1. A Foreign Ambassador arriving at the Élysée. 2. In his Official Work-Room. 3. President and Madame Faure leaving the Élysée for a Drive in the Bois. 4. M. Méline, Prime Minister, and General de Boisdeffre, Chief of Staff of French Army. 5. In the Élysée Garden. 6. An early Morning Ride in the Bois de Boulogne. 7. Leaving the Élysée for the great Review, July 14—showing the President entering Carriage. 8. The President's Bedchamber.

THIS BUSY WORLD

"HELL fer Sartain Creek in bloody Brethitt," which gave its name to one of Mr. John Fox's story-books, is, of course, a real Kentucky rivulet, and seems to be doing well. "It may cheer you to know," writes its historian, "that Hell fer Sartain Creek now has a Sunday-school. It is called 'Hell fer Sartain Sunday-school.'"

These are the twelve architects or firms who will submit plans for the New York Public Library, in Bryant Park: J. H. Friedlander; Haydel & Shepard; H. Hornbostel, G. E. Wood, & G. C. Palmer; Howard & Cauldwell; W. Wheeler Smith; Whitney Warren; Carrere & Hastings; C. L. W. Eidlitz; C. C. Haight; McKim, Mead, & White; Peabody & Stearns; and George B. Post. The first six were selected from the twelve who were successful in the preliminary competition; the last six were not in the preliminary competition, but were invited to take part in the final one, and have accepted. The jury in this final competition is to consist of three architects selected by the competitors, three members of the Board of Trustees, and the Director of the Library. This jury will select the best three plans, and send them, named in order of merit, to the trustees, who will choose one and send it to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for approval. If approved, the Department of Public Works will follow it in building the Library.

When the postal district of Boston was enlarged and made to include the neighboring suburban towns, these towns became officially known as Stations A, B, C, and so forth, Boston, Massachusetts. Cambridge, which became Station E, would not endure to have its identity so obscured, and made such a clamor that the postal authorities restored its name. The system was unpopular with all the other towns about Boston, and they also clamored against it, and when the same system was introduced in the district which centres in New York, and Brooklyn became known to the Post-Office Department as Station X (or something), New York, of course Brooklyn howled. It is pleasant to record that the department has seen the inexpediency of this method of designation, and has repented of it. To a letter of Postmaster Thomas of Boston, telling of the continued agitation against the new system, and suggesting a method of getting back to the old names, the Acting First Assistant Postmaster-General has replied:

> We have long seen the necessity of restoring the original names to places now within the corporate limits of New York city, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, and as your suggestions come within that line, we shall be most happy to adopt them, provided we can make satisfactory arrangements regarding money-order and registry business.

Halifax has about the best name of English derivation of any city in North America. It is euphonious, emphatic, and distinguished, and lends itself with exceptional success to the uses of verse. There is a Halifax of considerable size in Yorkshire, England, a village of the name in Vermont, and Halifax counties in Virginia and North Carolina, but *the* Halifax is the foggy Nova-Scotian capital which the *Indiana* has lately visited to be dry-docked. Every one has grinned in a good-natured sort of way at the *Indiana's* trip. It seems to be considered a joke on some one that Uncle Sam should have neglected to provide a cradle large enough to hold his growing family of infant war-ships. Perhaps it is as much a joke on the anti-British Jingoes as any one, but it seems to have been taken in good part all around. Americans who have the interests of our navy at heart have been pleased to have our lack of proper dry docks so conspicuously demonstrated, and have also been rather pleased to have one of our biggest and best ships exhibited where her merits could be appreciated. Halifax has liked it because she has made a little money and had a good deal of fun; for Halifax, in spite of her fame, is not the liveliest place in the world, and appreciates a novel sensation. The towns-people and the Crown's people, both afloat and ashore there, are full of hospitality, and many of them have abundant leisure in which to exercise it.

Colonel John Cussons, Virginia State Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, has written a letter gently and politely deprecating the resolution of the Young Men's Business Association of Richmond to invite the G. A. R. to hold its annual encampment in 1899 in that town. He sympathizes, he says, with the young men of Virginia "in their eager gaze to the future and impatience of all that may seem to hinder or check their career," but he believes it would be somewhat of a strain on Richmond, especially on its older citizens, to give the G. A. R. such a welcome and such entertainment as Richmond would wish its guests to have.

Colonel Cussons seems to be right. There is such a thing as crowding the mourners, even mourners that are resigned, and a Grand Army encampment at Richmond, however well intended, would risk the accomplishment of that undesirable exploit. The plan, it seems, has fallen through, and probably it is better that it should.

While most colleges find an annual increase in the registration of students matter for congratulation and a basis of pride, Williams, it seems, has come to a different attitude, and not only desires fewer students, but is taking measures to reduce the number of its undergraduates. About 300 students is the number Williams feels able to take care of with its present endowments, and more than that it does not desire. In order to keep within this necessary limit it has raised its requirements of admission, and has determined to restrict the aid it has been used to give to needy students. It has funds which yield an annual income of $7000 for benevolent uses, and to this sum it has been accustomed to add about as much more, but its present purpose is to distribute among the students only the income of the benevolent funds. The college is reported to have also under consideration the discontinuance of its scientific course. These changes, it should be noted, are not signs of distress, but merely matters of policy, which have resulted from the conviction that it is better to attempt less and do it well than to undertake more than the resources of the college seem to warrant.

The University of Virginia has no president, and never has had one, because Jefferson, who founded it, thought the office unnecessary. Its faculty has a chairman, but he only serves from year to year. Some of the alumni of the university think that a president is needed, and want to establish the office; but though a majority favor the change, the opposition is strong. It might be as well for the Virginians to correspond with the trustees of Brown University and Amherst College before committing themselves to the change.

Mr. Spofford, who has in no respect abated his fatherly concern for the Congressional Library, is very hopeful about its future prospects. The new library building he calls "the finest of its kind ever constructed, and, with possibly two or three exceptions, the handsomest building ever erected." He thinks that the building will help the library, and that Congress will presently make such annual provision for book-buying as has long been enjoyed by the British Museum. "To this end," adds Mr. Spofford, "present conditions in the *personnel* of the literary staff will greatly contribute. Mr. Young, the Librarian, by reason of his long connection with the press, will be able, as we have never been, to reach the newspapers."

An odd enterprise for Americans to be concerned with is the National School for Girls at San Sebastian, Spain, of the corporation of which Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer was lately chosen president. This school began in 1881, when Mrs. Gulick, a sister of Miss Anna Gordon, who is known as Miss Frances Willard's secretary, began at Santander to teach a young Spanish girl who happened to have a craving for knowledge. Other girls, chiefly from Protestant families, joined the class, and presently, at San Sebastian, the school took definite form, the American Board of Missions becoming a contributor to its support. After it had been running nine years it was brought, through Mrs. Gulick's efforts, into relations with the Spanish state system of education for boys and men, and its pupils began to be received as candidates for degrees at the official examinations. The first Spanish girl who went from it, three years ago, to take the official examinations for the B. A. degree, passed with highest honors, and now its pupils go regularly to their examinations at the University of Madrid, where there are a thousand men students. The corporation of which Mrs. Palmer is president was started in Boston five years ago to co-operate with the Board of Missions in supporting the school. There are English girls among the pupils. It is said to be the only school in Spain where they could be educated. What a queer, kindly, saucy bit of Yankee enterprise it seems! And yet Spain has sent many teachers to America, and it may be high time, after all, that America began to reciprocate her attentions.

The poor stock-brokers must be making some money again. It is a relief to think so. Most of the time for four years past we have been allowed to suspect that the brokers, as a body, were in a bad way, and were living—some on their capital, some on memories, some on hopes. A broker who is not making money is a sad subject of thought. The least that can be expected of his calling is that it should be remunerative; for, in the eyes of the ignorant, at least, if it is not remunerative it is nothing. If an editor, or a doctor, or a minister, or even a lawyer—that is, some lawyers—is not getting rich, he may console himself in some degree by trying to realize that, anyway, he is doing his duty. It may be that brokers so console themselves also, but the notion of the uninformed, who have hazy ideas at best of how brokers make a living, is that when brokers are not getting rich there is no sort of consolation that is of any use to them. The idea of the inexperienced is that brokers have no real duties except to make the best possible living with the least possible work. There is a strong popular conviction that every broker should have money to throw around, and should keep it agitated. Two brokers out of five are expected to have yachts, and every broker should drink a pint bottle of champagne daily with his lunch, and ride in a cab, except when forced into other conveyances by consuming haste. Of late brokers in New York have not met expectations of this sort as faithfully as they might, but of course they will come to time again now. All last week the daily transactions on the Stock Exchange were of a magnitude that filled the financial editors of the newspapers with excited exultation. So far as uninformed persons know, there cannot be profound activity in stocks without resulting benefit to the stock-brokers, so the brokers must be getting in a harvest. Doubtless they are; anyhow, it relieves the mind to think so.

One of the special reasons given, along with wheat and Klondike gold, for the return of prosperity in San Francisco, is the very large amount of money left in that city by the Christian Endeavorers. They swarmed over the city, and left behind a trail of dollars deep enough to make an appreciable difference in bank reports and in the feelings of merchants. The Christian Alliance, which met during the first week in August, at Old Orchard, Maine, also left money behind it—not so much by a great deal as the Endeavorers left in California, but a good deal, and one large sum for religious uses. On Sunday, August 8, in the great out-door meeting which 20,000 persons attended, the collection for missions which was taken up is stated to have yielded $70,000. These annual alliance meetings are noted for their collections for missions. The man who makes the annual appeal is Dr. Simpson, and he does it effectually, and very much to the taste and edification of his hearers. Singing and talk alternate—the talk emotional, the singing by 10,000 voices under easy control, until a proper crisis of feeling is reached, and then the collection is taken. Dr. Simpson's meetings, as described, seem to have a good deal in common with the great political conventions which nominate presidents; but there is this difference, that Dr. Simpson is master of his meetings and knows what he is about, whereas ordinarily no one is master of a national convention, or can be sure beforehand when or where or to what tune it will flop.

Now that five or six of the railroads that bring folks to New York have established, or are about to establish, systems of cheap cabs for the use of their patrons, it is conceivable that the infection of their altruistic spirit may be caught by other concerns in other lines of business. Frugal persons who cling to dollars don't hire a cab unless it is particularly inconvenient to go without one. It is inconvenient to go out to dinner in a street car when one's wife has on her best clothes. Private individuals who give dinner parties cannot be expected to throw in cheap cabs, but the great hotels and restaurants might do it and find a profit in it. So might some of the theatres, and especially the Metropolitan Opera-House; for though frugal people do manage to struggle out to places of amusement in the street cars, they undergo an amount of elbowing and crowding which tends to devastate their raiment and make their frugality painful and almost pennywise.

Last Sunday, August 15, was the day set for Lieutenant de Gerlache's Belgian expedition to start from Antwerp for the south pole. M. de Gerlache is not confident of reaching the pole, but he proposes to explore its vicinity as far as he may with a single vessel in two years. The steam-bark *Belgica*, in which he starts, is a small vessel of about 150 tons which can steam seven miles an hour, and is strongly built, and provided with special defences against the antarctic ice. Her commander's plan is to stop at the Falkland Islands and replenish stores, then go as far south as possible, returning, when the antarctic winter begins, to Melbourne, and there refitting for another southward cruise six or seven months later. The most interesting products of the antarctic continent, so far as hitherto discovered, are active volcanoes, guano, and opportunities for geological explorations. Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, who made a voyage to Victoria Land in 1894-5 in the whale-ship *Antarctic*, wrote an interesting book about it which stimulated curiosity in the south-polar region, and is partly responsible for the present expedition. No one as yet has got nearer to the south pole than Sir John Ross, whose expedition, starting in 1839, reached 78° south latitude, a point about 720 miles from the pole. The volcanoes Erebus and Terror, in Victoria Land, were named, as will be remembered, after Captain Ross's ships. Lieutenant de Gerlache has, as stated, only one ship for his expedition, a circumstance that increases its peril, but he has a great advantage over most explorers who have preceded him in having steam at his service.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who writes in the *North American Review* on the last literary decade in England, comments upon the remarkable clearing out of great lights of British literature which it has witnessed. In 1888 there were still living a remarkable collection of wonderful old men, whose existence was an inspiration to readers and younger writers. Tennyson and Browning, Newman, Jowett, Tyndall and Huxley, Kinglake and Froude, were living then. The decade has seen the clearing of the whole gallery; and not only they are gone, but Matthew Arnold and William Morris, Walter Pater, Freeman, and Lightfoot, of a generation slightly younger, are gathered with them. No venerable writers of great prestige are left, so far as Mr. Gosse remembers, except Ruskin, who lives in close retirement, and Herbert Spencer, "still visible, and clothed with the garment of an extreme celebrity." He does not regard Mr. George Meredith as belonging yet to this class of awe-inspiring ancients, but concedes that "if he is spared to us for ten years more he will become one of those quasi-fabulous figures which stimulate curiosity so much and serve so well to keep alight the flame of enthusiasm."

It is reported that the experiments which have been made by the Post-Office Department in the free delivery of rural letters have, so far, resulted very much to the department's satisfaction. Fifty thousand dollars was appropriated last winter by Congress for this use, and tests of the feasibility of the plan were made in various parts of the country. Early reports which have come in, especially from some districts in Maine and Vermont, tell of the satisfaction of the farmers with the new service, and of their willingness to profit by it. It is found that they take many more daily newspapers when they can have them delivered, and also that the number of letters carried shows a vigorous increase. The rural carrier makes one trip a day over a distance of between sixteen and twenty-four miles. He supplies his own conveyance—horse and cart or bicycle. It has been found that responsible men are willing to do this work for an annual stipend ranging from $175 upwards, the average pay being about $300. It is estimated that at that rate sixty million dollars (about half the annual pension bill) would provide rural free delivery all over the United States. That would mean, among other things, employment for 200,000 persons. The rural carriers are allowed to eke out their stipend by any supplementary enterprises that do not interfere with their duties, as to sell stamps or stationery and receive and deliver express parcels or telegrams. Where farmers live some distance from the road their mail is left in boxes at convenient points by the roadside, from which also letters are collected.

The *Evening Post* does not care for Rudyard Kipling's locomotive story in the current *Scribner's*. It says that Mr. Kipling's hero (the new locomotive) uses "low, blackguardly, vulgar language—a language very like that of the loafers and blackguards who hang around village stations." Dear, dear, that is dreadful; but it discloses much more about the state of mind of the *Post's* reviewer and his attitude to mankind than it does about Kipling's tale. The *Post* speaks unwisely about the story, and, indeed, the whole paragraph which it devotes to that tale and to the sensational stories which the magazines might print if they dared seems somewhat strained. To talk about "the loafers and blackguards who hang around village stations" conveys quite as misleading an idea of the people who live (and sometimes loiter) in American villages as would be conveyed by a broad allusion to the "supercilious prigs who infest the office of the *Evening Post*." One doubtless may meet an occasional blackguard at a village station, just as possibly one may sometimes encounter a prig in the vicinity of the *Post*; but it is very unsafe to generalize on chances of that sort, for the average villager who loiters about the railroad station in the evening is as injuriously described when he is called a blackguard as the average contributor to the *Post* is when he is called a supercilious prig.

E. S. MARTIN.

FÉLIX FAURE AT HOME.

President Faure's visit to Russia is intended to set the final seal to the "union of two peoples"—"the marriage of two flags," to use the current expression in the French papers. It is the last of the long series of open demonstrations intended to prove to the world the existence of complete harmony between these two nations, and this without menace by induction towards any other power or combination of powers. On the contrary, this tightening of the Franco-Russian bonds of unity has been heralded in both countries as a further guarantee of the maintenance of peace, and even the press in Germany, Austria, and Italy are treating the subject with composure and urbanity.

The man upon whom devolves the delicate task of representing France as a guest of the most autocratic of European rulers has already *fait ses épreuves*, as the French say. He has played host to the imperial guest, and that with a degree of dignity, tact, and *savoir-faire* that has raised him immeasurably in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. The ex-tanner of Le Havre has displayed social qualities of the kind supposed to be a monopoly of the Faubourg St.-Germain, but he has added thereto a certain natural *bonhomie* which renders him *persona grata* with all classes. At the present day it may be truthfully said that he is the most popular man in France. If any one should be inclined to doubt this, let him ask the opinion of the poor police detective who happened to be by when the bomb exploded near the cascade last Grand Prix day, and who, suspected of being the author of the attempt, was almost beaten into a jelly by the infuriated crowd of *bourgeois endimanchés*.

If the failure of the numerous attempts to photograph the President within the sacred portals of his official home may be taken as an indication, success has not had the effect of turning his head. His only weakness in this direction is shown in his alleged desire to substitute a gold-embroidered uniform for the plain black swallow-tail suit *de rigueur* on state occasions. All efforts to introduce the camera into the Elysée have invariably met with the Presidential veto, until M. Jules Gervais-Courtellemont, the Arabian explorer, applied for permission a month ago to get up a series of photographic illustrations to be used in album form for the occasion of the Russian trip. This time the President surrendered—firstly, out of personal regard for the applicant, who has earned the Legion of Honor for penetrating with a kodak to the heart of Mecca, and bringing back most valuable data on the holy shrine; secondly, because the album was primarily intended for circulation among *nos amis les Russes*.

On page 825 will be found a number of reproductions of photographs selected from the series in question. The absence of pictures of the various members of the President's family, Madame and Mlle. Lucie Faure, and Madame Berge, the married daughter, and her little boy, is explained by the fact that M. Faure specially stipulated that none should appear in print. The old-fashioned notions of the rights of privacy still prevail in France. Nevertheless, by mere chance, one of the illustrations gives a "snap-shot" impression of the President's spouse starting in a victoria for the afternoon drive.

The bulk of the illustrations show the President himself in the various phases of his daily routine. In one picture we see him on horseback. M. Faure is an ardent horseman. Every day of his life he is up at six, and after partaking of a cup of coffee, he starts in his brougham, together with an officer, for a point near the Avenue of the Bois de Boulogne. Here Montjarret, the Presidential groom, is waiting with the horses, and for the next two hours the party gallop through the winding alleys and the broad avenues of the Bois. This exercise is often repeated in the afternoon, when the President is sometimes escorted by some high military official, occasionally the chief of the general staff. His favorite horse is a chestnut-brown stallion, as seen in the picture.

President Faure has a large number of carriages at his disposal. The state carriage is a handsome vehicle with gilt trappings, drawn by four horses. The drivers, grooms, and outriders wear powdered wigs and attractive light blue uniforms with gold trimmings, which are modelled somewhat after the English style. One of the photographs presents a view of the state carriage at the moment of its departure for the great review at Longchamps on the 14th of July. This is perhaps the most important and impressive of all the President's public functions. He is accompanied on such occasions by the president of the ministerial council and the chief of the general staff of the French army. The members of his family, having no official status, betake themselves to the same destination in a separate conveyance, without pomp or outriders. The military guard of the Elysée, consisting of a company of line infantry, turn out to speed the parting host, and also to welcome him back. They likewise salute in full strength every official visitor of importance, foreign ambassador, or other representative from abroad entitled to an audience with the President of France, and as such visits are numerous, they well earn the extra comforts and good cheer which the Elysée *poste* affords.

President Faure has two work-rooms—his official one and his private study. The former is a gorgeous apartment, with richly carved panellings, mirrors, and all manner of mural decoration. Here he sits four or five hours of the day examining and signing documents, which are then turned over either to the general secretary of the presidency, General Tournier, whose office is on the right, or to M. le Gall, "director of the cabinet," on the left. During these hours the President is dressed in the black cut-away suit *de rigueur*. The President is not a lover of display or ceremonial, and those who know him intimately declare that he is never as much at his ease, never so much himself, as during the momentary respites from the cares of public life. At the family dinner table, with Madame Faure seated opposite, Mlle. Lucie to the right, and Madame Berge, her husband, and boy of seven on the other side, the President becomes plain M. Faure again—not to say Grandpapa Faure, as the little one invariably calls him. He is good-humor and joviality personified. All thoughts seem banished from his mind excepting the pleasurable ones of the moment.

The salary of a French President is 600,000 francs per annum, to which is added another 600,000 francs for expenses. Of the latter sum very little remains after all the grand banquets, the balls, and the garden parties have been paid for. Some Presidents, Carnot notably, have often exceeded that figure, and have had to draw on their private resources to meet the expenses of their sumptuous hospitality. Le père Grévy, on the other hand, is said to have netted a handsome surplus out of the extra allowance by reason of his thrifty and frugal methods of housekeeping. This last reproach will never be made against President Faure.

Taken all in all, however, the life of the French President is not exactly a round of pleasure. When it is considered that while in Paris, out of the sixteen hours of his day, from the time of rising to the moment he retires to his simply furnished bedroom at night, he has had less than three hours to himself, and that nothing short of sickness can relieve him of even the lesser of his many onerous duties, one is inclined to understand why Casimir-Périer preferred to seek the comforts of private life to continuing in his exalted position, the slave of ceremonial, etiquette, and the national love of *le panache*.

V. Gribayédoff.

STARS.

Out of a placid, luminous sky and deep
  Within its mystic and unmeasured space,
The stars of summer cast their fire and keep
  Their circling courses in a deathless race,
While years merge into years, while rigid sleep
  Binds myriads to their earthly resting-place.

The stars must seem immortal to our eyes
  That are forever haunted by the sight
Of life that comes to man unsought—and flies
  Like some strange meteor flashing through a night,
Like some clear voice that strenuously cries
  Its brief desire and takes eternal flight.

But they are not more deathless than the days
  That greet us with their halcyon hopes and fade,
Not more than hope itself, whose gentle ways
  Lead into darkness where the dead are laid,
Not more than all the mutable sweet plays
  Of bloom and blossom and bird-brightened glade;

Yet they live on and on, and watch men fall
  Like gray frost-stricken leaves into the dust;
They watch our generations rise and call
  To later generations with a trust
That love which understands is over all,
  That faith is life and labors as it must;

If there are men within those distant stars,
  Perhaps they pine with a perennial fire
To tell us of their joys and avatars,
  Of some unquenchable and brave desire
To seek beyond their own mysterious bars
  The music of some universal lyre.

George Edgar Montgomery.

NEWPORT'S FÊTE.

Newport set upon its green hills and rocky ledges, crowned with summer palaces and girt by the sapphire sea, and Newport crowded around the little harbor, the bustling old town, whose narrow streets and quaint houses tell of former days of activity, are quite distinct places, widely different in their thoughts and interests, until, once in a while, united by a common will, they do something fine together; and in their third annual summer *fête* the other day (August 4) the town and cottage people quite surpassed themselves. The presence of the North Atlantic Squadron in the outer harbor added greatly to the interest of the day, which was opened with a parade of marching marines and bluejackets from the men-of-war, soldiers from Fort Adams, and State militia, reviewed from the Ocean House piazza by Vice-President Hobart, and witnessed by an admiring crowd of towns-people and excursionists, as well as by cottagers, whose chief interest, however, was centred on the arrival of the New York Yacht Club fleet winging their way from New London in the fresh southeast breeze. By noon the advance of the fleet had arrived, and the afternoon hours saw more and more of them—schooners and sloops, steam-yachts, great and small, rolling through the long swell and dotting the blue sea in a steady procession from Point Judith to the Dumplings. One by one, and by twos and threes, they swept into the harbor, past the stately ships of war swinging to the tide in the open roadstead, past the old battery and light at Fort Adams, and rounding to their anchorage with banging of sails and rattle of blocks and tackle. The New York Yacht Club landing was the centre of interest. There was constant coming and going of launches and gigs filled with gay people, sunburnt yachtsmen, and pretty women, carriages and traps bringing down favored ones for dinners on the yachts, and other favored ones driven off for dinners on shore, until the crowding of gigs and launches made it a delicate matter to make a landing or to get away again.

As the evening approached, the harbor looked like a solid mass of yachts of every description, from the splendid ocean-going steamers and schooners, down to the unattached and vagrant small cruiser attracted by the unusual scene.

But the evening afforded the most picturesque features of the day, and the echo of the sundown gun had hardly died away before the lights began to twinkle from land and water; and as night fell innumerable fires were lighted, shining from the dark foliage surrounding the summer homes on shore, and brilliant electric lights gleamed in rows on the steam-yachts and men-of-war, while colored lanterns made fantastic shapes against the blackness, and search-lights from the invisible war-ships lighted up the skies, showing the stars and stripes still floating over the torpedo-station, and bringing out in strong relief against the night the tapering masts of the assembled fleet. Presently a procession of boats decorated with gay lights began to move around the harbor, one representing a sea-serpent glowing in fire. A display of fireworks from shore followed, the showers of stars bringing out in their momentary glow the dark masses of people along the wharves, and the hundreds of small boats which kept up a continual going and coming.

On shore the sight was almost as brilliant, and the principal streets were shining with colored lights and transparencies, flags and bunting everywhere. It was a sight to be long remembered. It did credit to those who planned it, and gave pleasure to thousands who saw it.

EDUCATION, IMMIGRATION, AND PROSPERITY.

Not often is a principal reason for a remarkable result more clearly set forth in a few figures than that by Charles R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of New York State, in the opening of his address as president of the National Educational Association, at its recent session in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The whole civilized world has wondered at the power of the United States to receive and assimilate the great unending flood of foreign population which has poured in upon it during the last half-century. Many reasons have been assigned, and prominent among them an educational system which takes the children of foreigners and persistently, unceasingly moulds them into intelligent citizens as they grow to manhood and womanhood.

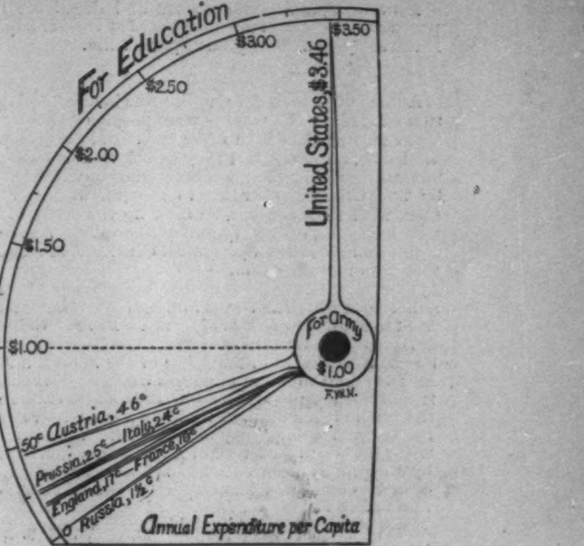
To compare this system with those of European nations, Mr. Skinner announced that while France spends annually \$4 per capita on her army and 70 cents per capita on education, the United States spends \$1 35 for education and 39 cents for her army. Other nationalities were included in the statement. To show just what the figures mean, the army expenditure of each nation is reduced to \$1 per capita, and the corresponding educational expenditure ascertained, and the results graphically portrayed by means of the accompanying dial and its several indicators.

It is a long reach from the group of European indicators up to that of the United States. It is to be remembered, too, that this very large expenditure is for the common schools, in which the children of foreigners receive their education. More than this, it is to be remembered that about six-sevenths of this expenditure is made in the Northern and Western States, where more than nine-tenths of all the foreign-born population finds its home.

These facts are not presented to claim that this expenditure has as its prime object the education and moulding of the foreign element. That part of the result of our educational system is of course incidental. All the same, however, the result is just as beneficial and just as much a matter of fact as though it were the principal object of the system. Taken as a whole, the common-school training results in leaving only about three per cent. of the native-born white persons over ten years of age (including of course the native-born children of foreigners) in the Northern and Western States to be classed as illiterates. The native-born whites are almost eighty per cent. of the total population of these States, and are therefore the greatly dominating element of the country.

These considerations plainly introduce the still more important meaning of the widely separated indicators of the dial. The ability to read and write opens the door to all knowledge. Besides giving this, the training in our common schools implants that grain of ambition in the individual which grows into expenditure for material things. The constant demand for material things calls for the employment of the multitude. The resultant wage payment and its constant expenditure by the wage-earner produce that rapid circulation of money which is the basis of prosperity.

All our natural wealth of mines and forests and lands would avail nothing without the demand for their products.

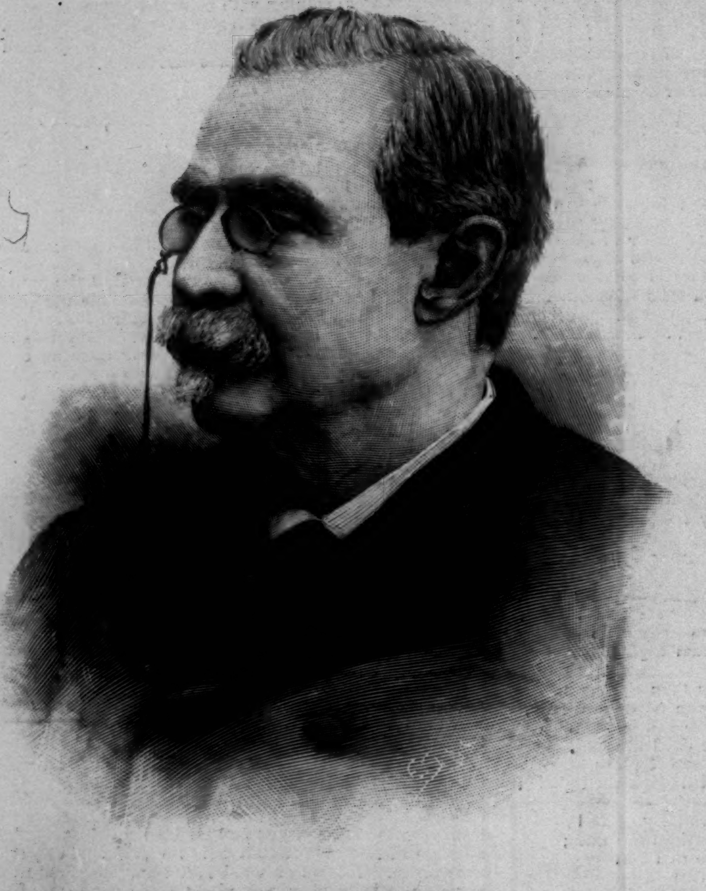


Ignorance and the lack of ambition make no demand. If the demand be lacking, employment is not to be had. Without employment money, however plentiful, does not circulate, and money idle furnishes no material progress.

The natural conditions for great material development have existed for untold ages, and would have remained undeveloped to-day had not knowledge, ambition, and employment combined to open mines, fell forests, and cultivate the soil. A people may have knowledge and ambition, but without employment to bring money into hand ambition cannot be satisfied, and therefore demand for production is not forth-coming. If ambition be lacking, there is no disposition to demand. If knowledge be lacking, employment is impossible.

It is not forgotten that employment is also a great educator, in its way; and yet we are at last compelled to come back to the common school as the giver of the ability to read and write, and as the inceptor of ambition in the young mind. These two are so powerful factors of national progress that the dial and its indicators throw much light not only on the assimilation of the foreign element, but also on the material progress of the country. An education, not for war—for peace and prosperity.

F. W. Hewes.



SEÑOR CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO,
Prime Minister of Spain. Assassinated August 8.

ANTONIO CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO.

I.

THE American people, for all its century-long prosperity, is not so wholly unacquainted with national grief that its sympathy is withheld from Spain's crowding misfortunes, faced with indomitable courage—so proudly disavowed or hidden from the world that it is scarcely too much to say a whole world of critics and censors has been superbly outfaced. And of all Spaniards, the proudest, the most indomitable, was the leader who has fallen—Cánovas—who used to say: "Spain may still be a great nation on land and sea, forming a peaceable and lawful union with Portugal, its sister state, buying or reconquering Gibraltar sooner or later, and expanding along the neighboring coast of Africa."

Now of Spanish misfortunes and decadence and imputed weakness we may have heard at least enough. This is the story of a courageous Spanish life.

II.

Antonio Cánovas del Castillo was born at Malaga, February 8, 1828. His parents were people of slender means, though not, as has been often asserted, in abject poverty. We know, however, that they had marked out a somewhat modest career for their son before he convinced them that he was irresistibly drawn to the pursuit of literature; then, with their consent, he took up the study of the national classics, of history and philosophy. At the age of eighteen he founded a periodical entitled *La Joven Malaga*, that soon met the common fate of such ventures. Roused to more strenuous efforts by this failure and by the difficult situation in which he found himself on his father's death, he went to Madrid to seek his fortune. In 1845, thanks to the influence of an uncle who was then *Consejero de Estado*, he got a clerkship in the office of the Madrid á Aranjuez Railway, and thus met expenses while studying law. But it was not long before he was sufficiently encouraged by the public recognition of his ability as a writer to abandon the law and enter the political field. This was in 1849, when he was made editor of *La Patria*, a journal founded by Joaquin Francisco Pacheco. Two years later *La Patria* ceased to exist, and Cánovas wrote special articles for the *Semanário Pintoresco*, *Las Novedades*, and *La Ilustración*. It was at this time that he published his *Campana de Huesca*, a study of Aragonese character, and his *História de la decadencia de España desde el advenimiento al trono de D. Felipe III. hasta la muerte de Carlos II.*, a work of real significance, which was afterwards continued in collaboration with Maldonado. Here, in the pages of this history, is the key to the author's belief and policy, as a stanch defender of the integrity of the kingdom and a redoubtable antagonist for any one—on the throne, or in office, or in socialistic organizations—who would consent to its dismemberment.

The events of July, 1854, were drawing near, and among the forces that accelerated the revolt must be reckoned Cánovas. He took an active part in the revolution, was author of the famous *Manifiesto de Manzanares*, accepted office under the new government, and was elected deputy to the Cortes. Intrusted with the correspondence of the ministry and appointed agent *de preces* at Rome, he discharged this difficult office so satisfactorily that, after O'Donnell's fall in 1856, the Marquis de Pidal invited him to retain the position. In 1857 he was Civil Governor of Cadiz; in the following year Director-General of Administration; in 1860 Assistant Secretary; and in 1864 he accepted the same portfolio in a so-called "conciliation" government, composed of Moderates and Unionists—in which he was associated with Pacheco (mentioned above), Mon, Ulloa, Mayans, Salaverria, and other distinguished statesmen; and now, having "found himself," he gave expression to inherent tendencies in abolishing the constitutional reforms of 1857, and curtailing the freedom of the press and the right of the people to hold meetings for the discussion of grievances. For our present purpose his connection with the Gonzáles Bravo government is less significant, and we pass to the year 1866—to the opposition with which Cánovas confronted the sorry advisers of Isabel II., and to his banishment, which he himself must have contrived, for it now appears to have been a politic evasion of responsibility. When Isabel II. was dethroned, Cánovas decided to await developments, and declined office under the new government. In the constituent assembly of 1869 he urged his conservative principles, in opposition to the radical and democratic measures that were in the ascendant; and in this contest he possessed the incalculable advantage of a style of oratory peculiar to himself, for it bore the same relation to ordinary Spanish oratory that realistic fiction bears to unmitigated romance. After the famous session of November 16, 1870, when the Duke of Aosta was elected King of Spain, he saw that this princely graft could never flourish, and was once more obliged to chafe in enforced inaction. He declined office under Amadeo. But with the proclamation of the republic his opportunity returned, and he was tireless in his efforts to hasten the restoration of the Bourbons—indeed he was recognized by the exiled royal family as their virtual representative in Spain. In part guiding, in part guided by events during the year 1874, he was so largely instrumental in shaping public sentiment that, though the Cortes proclaimed Don Alfonso XII., Cánovas at one step took the grade of king-maker. On the last day of that year, as representative of Alfonso and incumbent of the highest political office, he began to develop the most interesting phase of his public life. He established at Madrid a ministerial regency (himself its head) to exercise dictatorial powers pending Alfonso's arrival; and when the latter was seated on the throne, Cánovas retained his leadership, calling an assembly of notables to prepare the constitution which was adopted in the Cortes of 1876. Until February, 1881, he held in his hands the destinies of his country, excepting those brief intervals during which he gave place to Jovellar and to Campos. One of his first measures was the suppression of liberal journals; but, on the other hand, he succeeded in winning over to his party the less fervent Carlists, with many influential politicians of the revolutionary epoch. In other words, with a whip in the right hand and a fat office in the left, he contrived both to increase his following and to give it a marked conservative character. It was evident to him that Alfonso, to retain his throne, must conciliate those elements that had banished his mother, and so no awkward questions were addressed to the many applicants for admission into the Conservative-Liberal party. Cánovas welcomed the support and co-operation even of the revolutionist Robledo; he conceded religious toleration as a sop to the Liberals, but won in that class more largely through a calculated distribution of government favors. In his attitude towards the country at large Cánovas showed that he recognized the universal desire for peace, and he spared no effort to put an end to the Carlist civil war and the Cuban insurrection (the so-called ten years' war). His policy in respect to the latter struggle has been a subject for extreme misrepresentation. It must be clear from the facts we have just been tracing that measures of stern repression in Cuba were the only measures to be expected from this champion of the integrity of Spain. Another statement that will be read with interest at the present time is the following: Cánovas was frequently heard to declare that enemies of institutions had no legal rights; that violence such as theirs must be restrained by equal violence on the part of the authorities.

In foreign relations Cánovas solicited for Spain the friendship of Austria and Germany rather than that of its more liberal neighbors, and on the death of Alfonso's wife Mercedes he probably set on foot the negotiations that resulted in the King's marriage with the Austrian princess Maria Christina. In February, 1881, he went out of office in order to defend, as leader of the opposition, the principles he had advocated as minister. He was recalled in 1883, and was retained in power until 1885. Alfonso died in that year, and his widow instructed Señor Sagasta, the Liberal leader, but none the less representative of a party that had accepted the constitution of 1876, to form a new ministry. On the same day Cánovas became President of the Cortes. In 1890 he again formed a Conservative cabinet to succeed Sagasta's. During the next five years Sagasta and Cánovas alternated several times in forming cabinets, but in March, 1895, the latter was again made Prime Minister to meet a crisis the precise nature of which need not be explained, so completely have all purely domestic concerns been dwarfed by the enormous importance and interest of the present insurrection in Cuba. In that distant island his policy has been of a piece with his policy as manifested in the affairs of the Peninsula a score of years ago. Offering home-rule to the Cubans, on terms that were even criticised by his own party for their excessive liberality, he at the same time looked to it that the war of repression—of extermination, if nothing less would serve—should be relentlessly prosecuted.

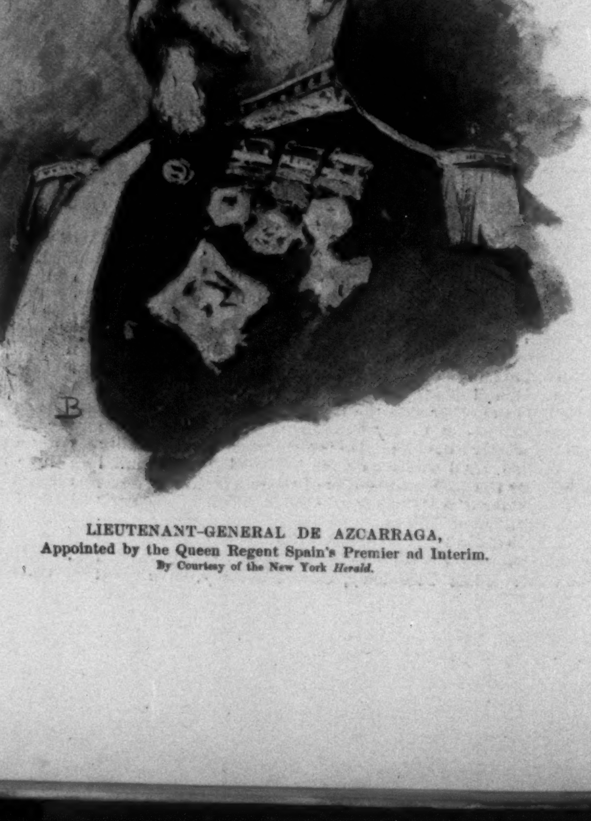
This consistency of character might easily receive further illustration. Cánovas never relaxed his attentive interest in everything pertaining to scholarship and letters. A member of the Académia de la Historia (1859), of the Académia de la Lengua (1865), and of the Ateneo Científico y Literario, he produced, in addition to the works mentioned above, and to a volume of poems (which put weapons of offence into the hands of his political enemies), a collection of articles and addresses entitled *Problemas Contemporáneas*, two volumes of *Estudios Literarios*, and *El Solitario y su Tiempo*. The collection of books in his library, including many rare volumes, gradually assumed admirable proportions. In his private life he was a loyal and loyally cherished friend; his marriage with a daughter of the noble house of Sotomayor crowned a courtship that had endured the test of fifteen years.

III.

Overhanging and overshadowing this arduous career was, of course, the constant threat of assassination. Several years ago, at the gate of "La Huerta," Cánovas's residence in Madrid, a bomb was thrown by anarchists as he came out to enter his carriage. But the terrible penalty attaching to distinction seems never to have been suffered in advance, through fear, even at Santa Agueda.

Cánovas had been somewhat out of health for a time, and had gone to Santa Agueda for a course of sulphur baths. On the morning of August 8 he was present at the celebration of mass in the chapel. After mass he was reading and conversing with several reporters when an anarchist named Michel Angiolino, a native of Foggia, in Italy, approached and fired three shots at him with a revolver. The first bullet, which struck the Premier in the head, passed through from the right to the left temple. Cánovas rose to his feet, but immediately fell, crying, "Long live Spain!" He again tried to rise, and while in the act a second shot entered his chest, the ball lodging near the spine. He fell back unconscious, and a third shot struck him while he lay on the ground. He was carried to his room, and expired at 1.30 P.M. To Señora Cánovas del Castillo, wife of the Premier, who was near her husband when the crime was committed, the murderer made this statement: "I have done my duty, and I am now easy in my mind, for I have avenged my friends and brothers of Montjuich." Montjuich is the fortress of Barcelona under the walls of which anarchists were executed for the crime of throwing a bomb into a procession, upon the occasion of the Corpus Christi celebration last year.

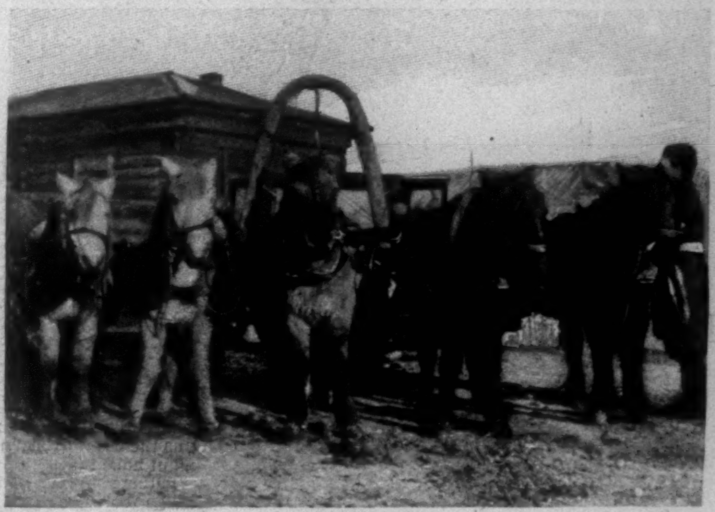
Such is the story, to which I need not add the comments of the world—though the world, startled into attention, discussed this tragedy publicly, and almost every point of view is now matter of record; even the exultation of anarchists, printed and illustrated! All of which is important, too, in a way; but more important are the facts of a courageous and consistent life, whether wholly to one's taste or not: facts which have now been sketched, but too hastily and imperfectly. MARRION WILCOX.



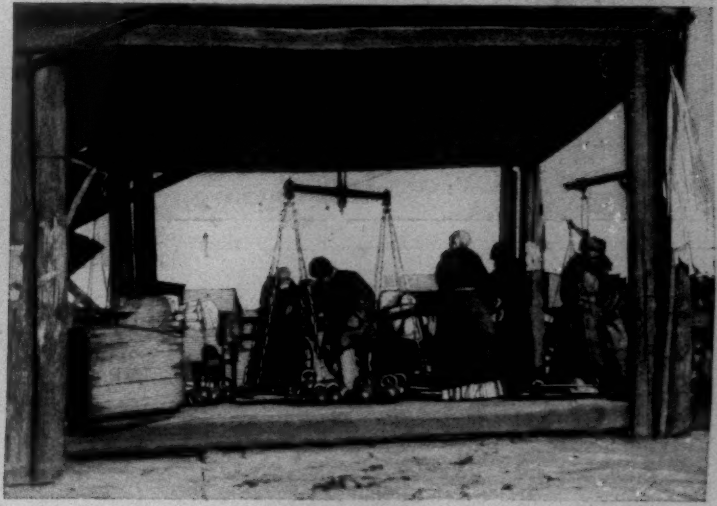
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DE AZCARRAGA,
Appointed by the Queen Regent Spain's Premier ad Interim.
By Courtesy of the New York *Herald*.

THE GYMNASIUM (BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL) AT CHITA, TRANS-BAIKAL.

THE MILITARY CLUB AT CHITA, TRANS-BAIKAL.
A Characteristic Bit of Russian Architecture.

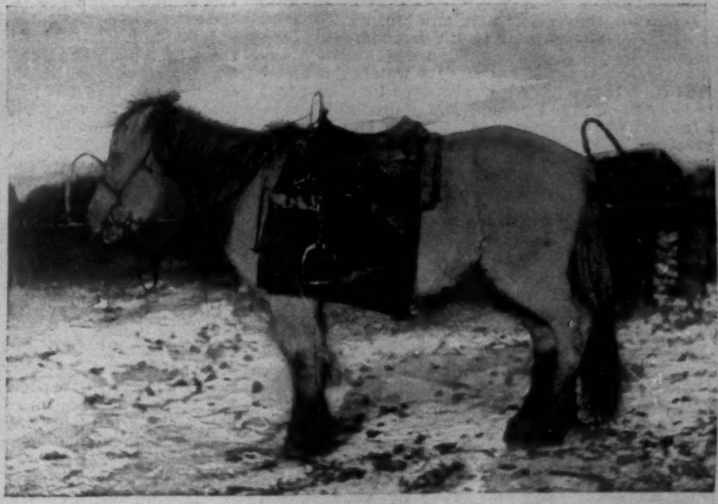


FIVE PONIES TO A SLEDGE IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL COUNTRY.



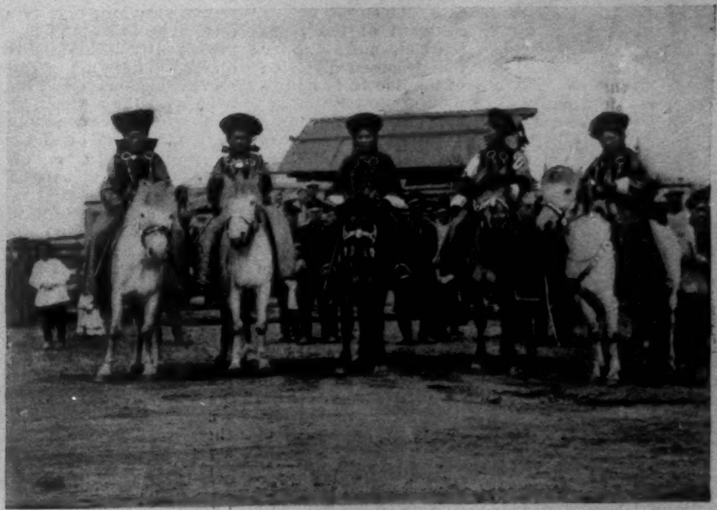
PUBLIC SCALES AT CHITA.

A MANCHURIAN PEDDLER.



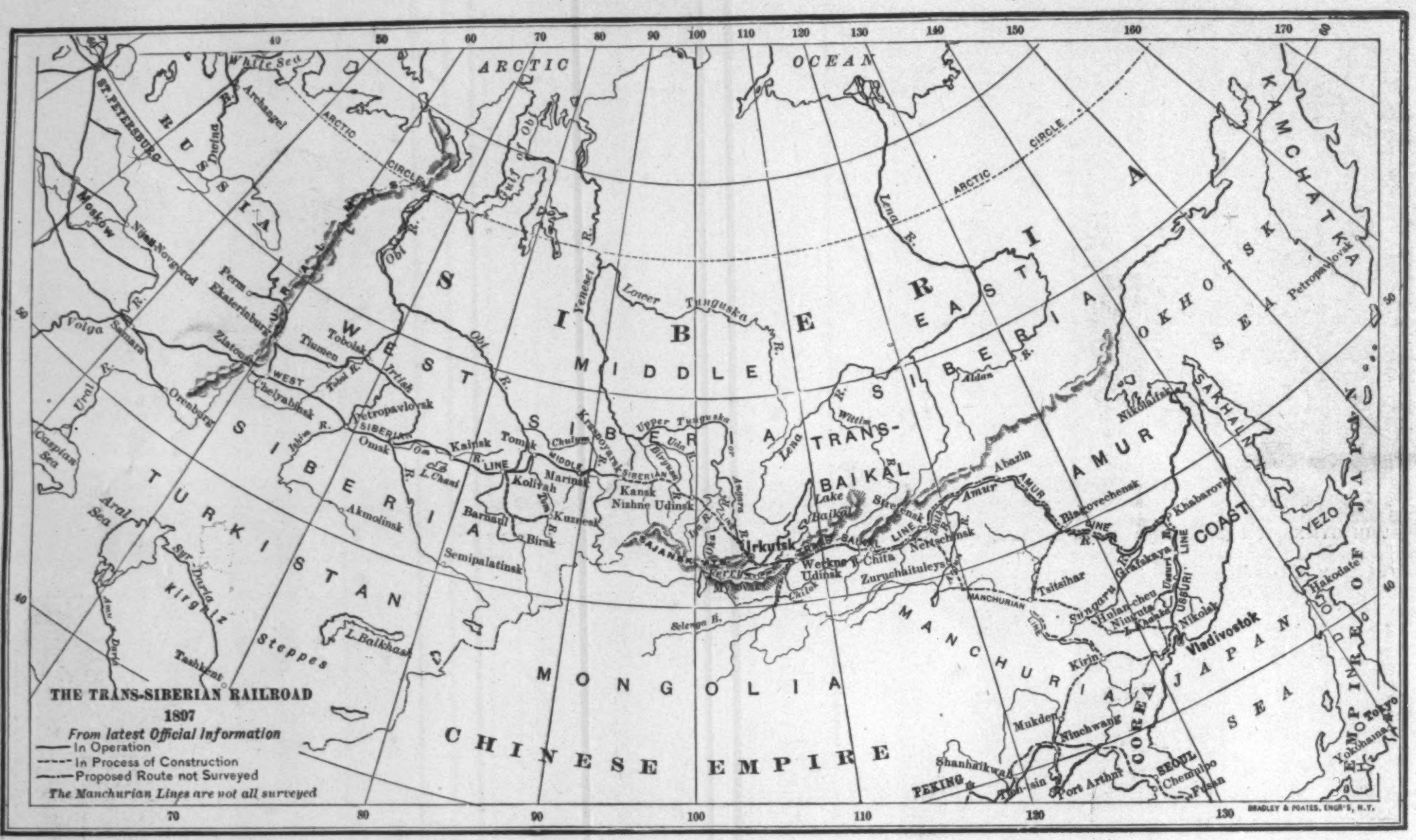
A MANCHURIAN PONY.

COMING FROM THE GOVERNOR'S, AT CHITA.



SIBERIA—A BEVY OF BURIAT BEAUTIES.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson and Others.



BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA.

II.—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.

KHABAROVKA TO STRETENSK.

THE great highway of travel through eastern Siberia is for the present the course of its largest river, the Amur. This is equally true at all seasons of the year, as the river is navigated by small steamers during the few summer months, and by caravans of sledges during the longer period of the winter. Between the two seasons, of course, it is unavailable for either means of transit; but this only means that travel ceases in the spring and autumn, as roads do not exist. The river Amur is the boundary between Siberia and Chinese Manchuria for a distance of something like fifteen hundred miles. Its waters are mainly derived from the country lying between its course and the great chain of the Yablonoi Mountains which separate it from the Siberian plain on the north, and from the other great chain of the Khingan Mountains that divide Manchuria from Mongolia on the south. Like the other great Siberian rivers, the Amur may be looked upon as either the cause or the effect of a wide depression in the table-land of northern Asia. Like them, it carries a vast body of water to the ocean, although its drainage area is not nearly so large as that of several of the others; but it is a sluggish stream, flowing through large tracts of swampy land, much of which is covered with dense forests.

When our long period of enforced delay at Khabarovka began to draw to a close, it became necessary to make preparations for our long journey across the snow. The distance that lies between Khabarovka and the point to which the Siberian Railroad was understood to have advanced from the westward at Krasnoyarsk is about 2850 miles, all of which has at present to be travelled in sledges drawn by the little ponies of the country. Year by year, indeed we might almost say month by month, this distance is being lessened by the steady march eastward of the great railroad, and but for the proposed diversion of the line from its original route terminating at Vladivostok to a point on the Gulf of Pechili, a very few years more would probably render the sledge route up the Amur Valley wholly a thing of the past. Yet it is only a very few years since the whole distance from old Russia, at the limit of the Ural Mountains, to Nikolsk at the mouth of the Amur, or Vladivostok at the south-eastern corner of the Czar's Siberian provinces, seven thousand miles, had to be laboriously travelled in the same primitive fashion.

A BURIAT GIRL, EASTERN SIBERIA.

The Siberian post system, which, although maintained primarily for the conveyance of the mails, is really, over a large part of the vast Siberian regions, the only reliable means of transport, has its main line over the route which our party was about to follow; but it has many branch routes, which, generally following the courses of the rivers, spread themselves in all directions over the great northern plains almost as far as there exists any population, and certainly to the limit of the farthest post at which it has been thought worth while to station a Russian soldier or official. Owing to the large use made of the extensive river systems, many of the land services are only kept on foot during the winter months; but these, it must be remembered, extend to eight months out of the twelve over nearly the whole country, while in the northern districts they are perhaps two months longer. The extent of the country served by these post routes may be estimated when it is remembered that even now one of them, starting from Irkutsk, runs northward through the gold-bearing district of the Lena, thence to Yakutsk, then onwards to Okhotsk, at the northwestern corner of the sea of that name, and from thence round the peninsula of Kamchatka to the port of Petropavlovsk—a distance, on the whole, of about seven thousand miles.

The system is, of course, a government one, and the travellers intended to be primarily benefited are, as a matter of course, the officers of the government, principally military, on their way to and from the scene of their duties in these remote regions. After the needs of this class of travellers have been supplied, however, civilians who possess the necessary passports and permits to use the service are transported at certain established rates. Each line is divided into districts, and stations are established along it at intervals of about eighteen miles, although there are many exceptional cases in which, owing to the character of the country, the distance may be shortened to half that distance or increased to nearly double. The station-keepers are usually owners of the buildings, as well as of the whole outfit of horses, sledges, harness, and wheeled vehicles, of which the tarantass is the usual type. He receives a license from government, and is subject to very stringent regulations as to the operation of the service in its most minute details, which are displayed prominently in his guest-chamber at the station. He is obliged to keep always on hand a certain fixed number of serviceable horses, and his station is recognized in accordance with the number, as a twelve or twenty-four horse station, as the case may be. He is subject to one regulation which would delight the hearts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as he is compelled to allow each horse a certain resting-time between each journey, according to the distance, and any breach of this regulation might cause his license to be cancelled. The object of this is, no doubt, the very practical one of keeping the service efficient, rather than any purely humane motive, and it is undoubtedly an excellent check, both on the cupidity of the station-keepers and the impatience of travellers. The government pays a regular rate to the station-keepers for forwarding the mails, and the mails are sometimes so large as to require four or five sledges, each drawn by three horses (known as troïkas) and loaded to its utmost capacity, for their conveyance. This, however, is exceptional; the ordinary mails for which the station-keeper has to make provision require the services of two troïkas each day to accommodate the service to the eastward of Irkutsk.

Our long stay at Khabarovka had secured us many friends, from whom we obtained useful hints as to our outfit, the benefit of which we had good reason to appreciate later on. When at last we were ready to start, our travelling outfit consisted of three sledges, two of which were substantial povoskas that had already made the trip one or more times, the third a commoner sort of conveyance, with simply a canvas hood over the back part. These, of course, we had to buy, as there is provision made for the hire of horses in Siberia, but none for that of vehicles. The povoska, as may be gathered from our illustrations, is a large and roomy sledge with a close cover or body, set low on runners of very narrow tread, which gives them a top-heavy look which is not reassuring. They are much less unstable, however, than they look, which, indeed, is fortunate, considering the frequent roughness of the track over the river ice and the almost invariable rashness of the drivers. The saving feature in their construction, apart from the lowness of the centre of gravity, is the fenders with which they are provided, which slope downwards and outwards, and serve both to ward off obstacles and to maintain their equilibrium. Our drivers, like all those employed in the passenger traffic in Siberia, resembled the famous Israelitish Captain Jehu, if in nothing else, at least in their habit of driving furiously, so it commonly happened that we skated along first on one fender and then on the other, while our ponies were kept at a gallop without the smallest reference to the roughness of the track over which we travelled.

A BURIAT BOY, EASTERN SIBERIA.

The first point at which we proposed to make any considerable halt was the town of Stretensk, on the Amur, at a distance of upwards of six hundred miles from Khabarovka, and our route lay for the most part along the frozen surface of the great river. The river-bed, however, is in many places by no means straight, and the ice is frequently—especially in the first part of the season—very far from smooth, so that it was no unusual thing for our drivers to make a short-cut where the state of the banks would permit us to get out of the bed of the river, and the country was sufficiently clear of timber to enable the sledges to travel freely. There are only two considerable towns between Khabarovka and Stretensk, both situated on the river, and at very nearly equal distances apart. It was as we approached the second of these, the town of Albasin, that we began to encounter the first of the great stream of Siberian traffic which awaits the setting in of the regular winter season for its active commencement. We were ourselves in the very front of the tide of traffic which all through the winter months sets steadily across the Siberian plains from the east, but it was only here that we began to realize something of what this traffic really was as we met the stream setting eastward. The regular means of transport, for goods as well

A BURIAT WOMAN, EASTERN SIBERIA.

as for human beings, is, as a matter of course, sledges, usually drawn by single ponies, and carrying a weight of not more than five hundred pounds each. One of our early experiences in this neighborhood was more interesting, as we encountered a real Siberian caravan, consisting of the odd-looking two-humped Bactrian camels of central Asia.

There must have been not less than a thousand of these unwieldy-looking animals, and it would be difficult to give an idea of the weird effect which they produced as they travelled noiselessly over the snow in the white moonlight, an apparently endless train of animals, each dragging its absurd little sledge, while here and there was perched a driver on one of their loads, silent as themselves, and probably asleep. There was something very ghostly and intensely foreign-looking about that interminable Indian file of spectral animals, each treading in the footprints of the one before him, and to all appearance the very counterpart of every one of the others. And so they passed us, winding away into the dim white distance, looking, as they disappeared, like some huge serpent twisting away in giant curves into the night.

As we approached Stretensk, which is quite an important trade centre and depot, the traffic became more lively and varied. There were Manchurian horsemen, lines of freight-sledges drawn by ponies, and every now and then the characteristic and clumsy cart of the Manchu country on the southern bank of the river. It seemed fortunate to us that these novelties occurred on the journey, which would otherwise have been oppressive in its monotony.

Of Stretensk itself not very much can be said, and its general features will be seen in our illustration. Like all the towns of eastern Siberia, indeed, its main characteristics are military. While there are some stores of respectable size, and a few houses that belong to the resident town population, what strikes the eye and alone attracts the attention is either the provision for the Church or the military and official life of the place. In those Siberian towns the church is at all times a prominent feature, with its curiously painted spires and Oriental architecture; but, after all, it is the soldiers and the provision for their quarters that fill the foreground.

STRETENSK TO LAKE BAIKAL.

When we reached Stretensk we had accomplished something like twelve hundred miles of our overland journey. We had still another four hundred miles to travel before reaching Chita, the official capital of the Trans-Baikal province, and from thence another six hundred before we should reach the shore of Lake Baikal. Chita is situated on the upper waters of the Shilka, a tributary of the Amur River, and is the point at which the surveyed line of the trans-Siberian railroad terminates at present. At this point, also, the regular trade route across the continent, which we had been following, leaves the course of the river and strikes across the higher land which divides the water-shed of the Amur from that which supplies the rivers that run into Lake Baikal, of which the Selenga with its tributaries is the most important.

We had by this time become accustomed to our surroundings, and began to appreciate more fully both the good and bad points of our mode of travel. We had been fortunate in the preparations we had been advised to make for our journey, and, in spite of some discomforts, we found that some degree of comfort was attainable even in sledge travel over Siberian snows. Our sledges, indeed, were not of the luxurious type to be met with occasionally in the country, resplendent in paint and upholstery, with landau top and large glass windows, still less of the sort used for ladies and children, which are large and roomy, and provided with stoves; but for our purpose they were serviceable without entailing a vast expense. They were open, and of course gave admission to abundance of cold air; but even with a temperature as low as sixty degrees below zero, we found that reclining among half a dozen wool pillows upon several layers of fur rugs, and wrapped in the enormous elk-skin coats which are considered indispensable, we were quite comfortably warm. As the stations along the route are not to be depended on for meals, we had provided ourselves with the necessary commissariat stores, which were neatly packed in the bottom of the sledges with our other luggage. There was about a barrel of soup, frozen into lumps, each supposed to serve as a meal, also cutlets, steaks, bread, and milk, all frozen as hard as iron, and therefore easily packed and carried rolled in paper parcels. On arrival at a station, we had only to call for a samovar of boiling water to make tea, and then to thaw our eatables, and so to procure a quick lunch of the most approved Siberian pattern.

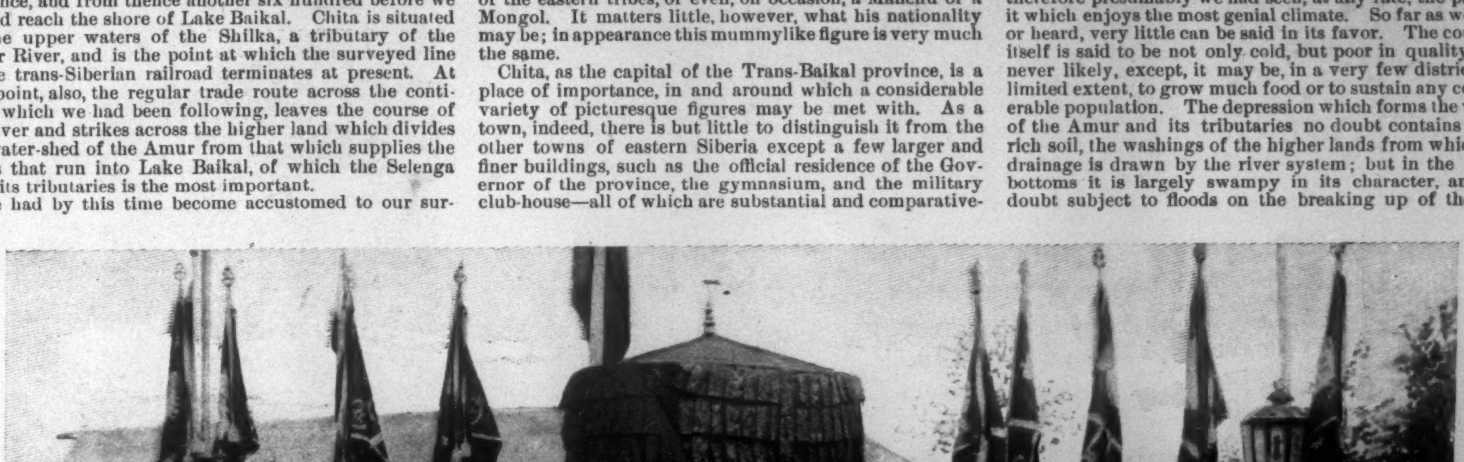
Siberian posting-stations, it must be understood, are not way-side inns, and make few pretensions to providing accommodation for travellers. As the sledges drive up to the bare—and to the foreign eye, at least, uninviting—log building, the traveller can form a fair estimate of the probable accommodation he may expect from the size and surroundings of the desolate-looking spot. On dismounting he will be ushered at once into the guest-room, which every station can boast, and which in the average post-station is the only one at the disposal of travellers. He will find the apartment thoroughly and characteristically Russian of the rustic variety. The room may be large, but it is never lofty, and he will find it singularly bare of everything which in any other part of the world is associated with ideas of comfort. Clean and bare, with few seats of any kind, and those of the plainest, its principal feature the huge ovenlike stove in the centre, and its only attempts at ornament the "Icon," or image of the Virgin, with its little lamp or candle burning before it, in one corner, and the equally omnipresent portraits of the royal family scattered here and there about the walls. In this room the traveller waits, and usually eats, during the delay occasioned by getting a change of horses; and should he be unfortunate enough to be compelled to wait over a night before he can procure them, he sleeps here also, finding his own bedding and wraps as a matter of course. Here and there, indeed, a more extensive establishment may be met with where there are three or four guest-chambers, but even in such cases they are no more than repetitions of the one described. These larger establishments generally boast separate accommodation for the yemschiks, who otherwise have to find accommodation with the family of the station-keeper, not unfrequently in a single apartment. The posting yemschik, or driver, it must be understood, is, like the relays of ponies, attached to his own particular station, and passes away with his horses on receiving his drink money of ten kopecs—a little more than five cents—to be relieved by a new one belonging to the next stage. He reflects the various tribes and nationalities that inhabit the country, and may be a Russian, a Cossack, a member of almost any of the eastern tribes, or even, on occasion, a Manchu or a Mongol. It matters little, however, what his nationality may be; in appearance this mummylike figure is very much the same.

Chita, as the capital of the Trans-Baikal province, is a place of importance, in and around which a considerable variety of picturesque figures may be met with. As a town, indeed, there is but little to distinguish it from the other towns of eastern Siberia except a few larger and finer buildings, such as the official residence of the Governor of the province, the gymnasium, and the military club-house—all of which are substantial and comparatively imposing buildings. Then there is, of course, the universally prevailing military element of Siberian society, of which we indeed had nothing to complain, as it was invariably something more than cordial in its greeting and treatment of ourselves; but when one military town has been seen, the traveller practically has seen them all. In Chita, however, there is a commercial element which is somewhat cosmopolitan, at least so far as Asia is concerned. Scarcely a tribe or nation of eastern Asia is wanting in representatives. Men and women of the widely spread Buriat tribes are to be seen on all sides; Tunguses hunters from the colder north, intent on exchanging their furs and pelts in the market of Chita; Cossacks, both military and civilian; archers from the steppes of Mongolia; traders and peddlers from Chinese Manchuria—go to make up the population, strange and picturesque, to be met with in and around the capital of the Trans-Baikal.

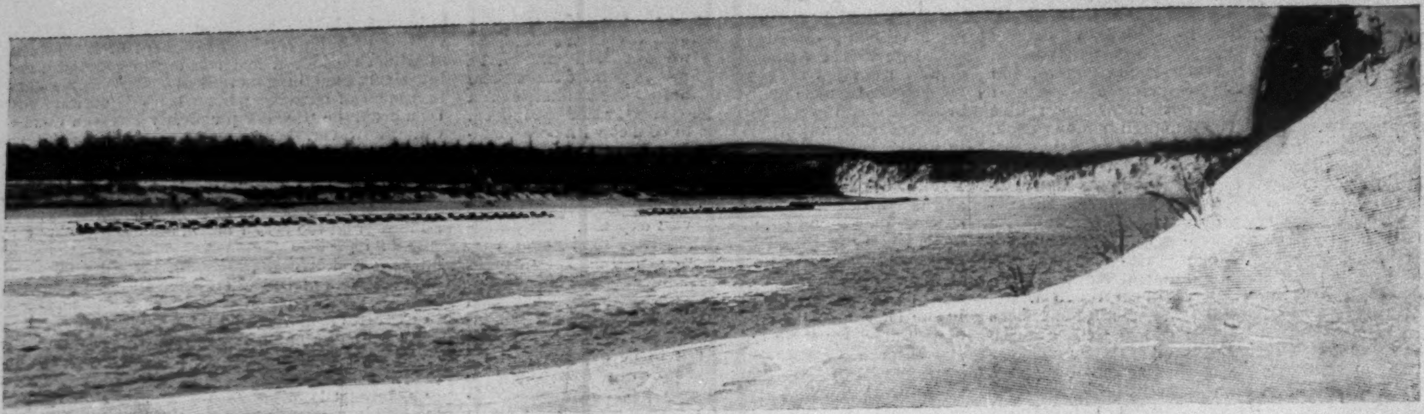
As we had approached Chita we had found the snow covering of the country growing thinner, which had compelled us to keep mainly to the course of the river so as to get the advantage of the ice; but on leaving Chita matters became still worse. Here we were compelled to abandon the course of the river and to ascend the high lands that form the divide between the valley of the Amur and the hollow occupied by the waters of Lake Baikal, and here we found the covering of snow in many places so scanty that for several stages we were compelled to hire tarantasses, while the empty sledges were drawn by relays of ponies. In some cases where wheeled vehicles were unobtainable we remained in our sledges, and were dragged laboriously by teams of as many as six ponies, who found it no easy work upon the steep inclines. As we began to descend the slopes toward the lake and its great tributary, the river Selenga, we found abundance of snow once more; indeed, its abundance was so great that we were wholly unable to obtain any of the fine views that are said to be obtainable from the high lands of the divide.

A MANCHURIAN.

We had now practically passed over the country which is comprised in the Trans-Baikal provinces of eastern Siberia, and were able to form some opinion of the country through which we had passed. The impression it made was certainly not favorable. It is true, of course, that we crossed it during the winter, but even with such reservation as that implies it must be admitted that the country impresses an observer as essentially poor and hungry. We had, it must be remembered, been traversing the extreme southern boundary of Russian Siberia, and therefore presumably we had seen, at any rate, the part of it which enjoys the most genial climate. So far as we saw or heard, very little can be said in its favor. The country itself is said to be not only cold, but poor in quality, and never likely, except, it may be, in a very few districts of limited extent, to grow much food or to sustain any considerable population. The depression which forms the valley of the Amur and its tributaries no doubt contains some rich soil, the washings of the higher lands from which the drainage is drawn by the river system; but in the lower bottoms it is largely swampy in its character, and no doubt subject to floods on the breaking up of the ice,



THE PRESENT CZAR OF RUSSIA WHEN CZAROVITCH AT A RECEPTION BY THE BURIATS OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL REGION DURING HIS TRIP ACROSS SIBERIA IN 1891.



DISTANT VIEW OF A TRAIN OF 1000 CAMELS EN ROUTE DOWN THE AMUR TO BLAGOVESTCHENSK.
Drawing Sledges with Beef.

A POST-STATION ON THE AMUR NEAR BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

A COSSACK VILLAGE ON THE LOWER AMUR.

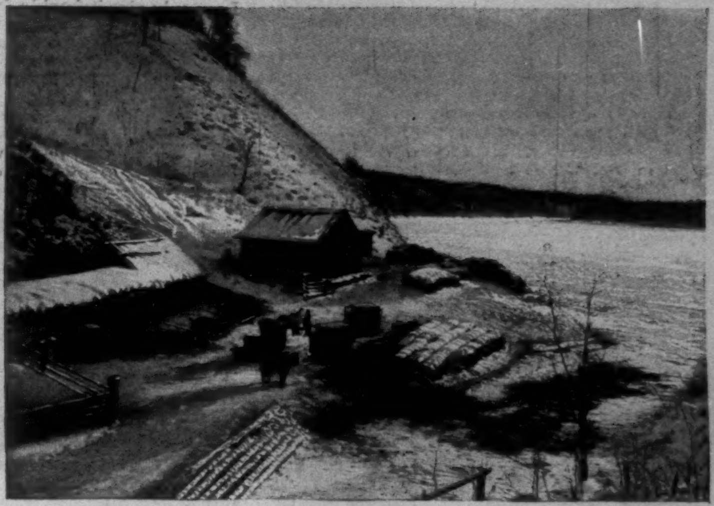
THE POST-STATION AT SEVERBEVA, ON THE AMUR.

STRETENSK, AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE SHILKA.
One of the Tributaries of the Amur River.

PORTION OF A TRAIN OF 1000 CAMELS TRANSPORTING BEEF BY SLEDGES ALONG THE AMUR RIVER FROM MONGOLIA TO BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.

OUR POVOSKAS AT A POST-STATION NEAR CHITA, ON THE SHILKA RIVER.



POST-STATION ON THE AMUR BETWEEN BLAGOVESTCHENSK AND ALBASIN.

POLICE MASTER OF BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

MARKET SQUARE IN BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

A MANCHURIAN AND HIS CART AT BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

A MONGOL DRIVER WITH CAMEL TRAIN.

PRIVATE SLEDGE, KHABAROVKA.

A MANCHURIAN CART ON THE AMUR RIVER NEAR BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.

NATIVE HUNTER OF THE TUNGUSES, EASTERN SIBERIA,
With all the Implements of his Trade.

while the forest, which occupies the higher levels, does not give the impression of being the product of good soil.

The productions of the districts watered by the Amur are principally mineral at present, and these are as yet but little developed. There is hardly any population that can be called agricultural, the so-called colonists being chiefly employed in government works, trapping or hunting wild animals of value for their fur or skins, or, in a few instances, raising a breed of inferior cattle, which roam during summer over the open lands, feeding on the coarse grass of the country. All mining, as well as the search for precious stones, several kinds of which are met with in the Amur country, is, it need hardly be mentioned, a strict monopoly of the government, and is carried on, so far as it is developed at all, by means of convict labor. The population of the entire province is small, and, except in the case of the emancipated exiles or convicts, mainly belongs to the native or Mongolian races, which are more or less nomadic in their habits.

LONDON.

July 31, 1897.

I SHRINK, at this day, from any air of relapsing into reference to those Victorian saturnalia of which the force may now be taken as pretty well spent; and if I remount the stream for an instant it is but with the innocent intention of plucking the one little flower of literature that, while the current roared, happened—so far at least as I could observe—to sprout by the bank. If it was sole of its kind moreover it was, I hasten to add, a mere accident of the Jubilee, and as little a prominent as a preconcerted feature. What, it comes to therefore is that if I gathered at the supreme moment a literary impression, the literary impression had yet nothing to do with the affair; nothing, that is, beyond the casual connection given by a somewhat acrid after-taste, the vision of the London of the morrow as I met this experience in a woful squeeze through town the day after the fair. It was the singular fate of M. Paul Bourget, invited to lecture at Oxford under university patronage and with Gustave Flaubert for his subject, to have found his appearance arranged for June 23. I express this untowardness but feebly, I know, for those at a distance from the edge of the whirlpool, the vast concentric eddies that sucked down all other life.

I found, on the morrow in question—the great day had been the 22d—the main suggestion of a journey from the south of England up to Waterloo and across from Waterloo to Paddington to be that of one of those deep gasps or wild staggers, losses of wind and of balance, that follow some tremendous effort or some violent concussion. The weather was splendid and torrid and London a huge, dusty, cabless confusion of timber already tottering, of decorations already stale, of *badauds* already bored. The banquet-hall was by no means deserted, but it was choked with mere echoes and candle-ends; one had heard often enough of a "great national awakening," and this was the greatest it would have been possible to imagine. Millions of eyes, opening to dust and glare from the scenery of dreams, seemed slowly to stare and to try to recollect. Certainly at that distance the omens were poor for such concentration as a French critic might have been moved to count upon, and even on reaching Oxford I was met by the sense that the spirit of that seat of learning, though accustomed to intellectual strain, had, before the afternoon, but little of a margin for pulling itself together. Let me say at once that it made the most of the scant interval and that when five o'clock came the bare, scholastic room at the Taylorian offered M. Bourget's reputation and topic, in the hot, dead Oxford air, an attention as deep and as many-headed as the combination could ever have hoped to command.

For one auditor of whom I can speak, at all events, the occasion had an intensity of interest transcending even that of Flaubert's strange personal story—which was part of M. Bourget's theme—and of the new and deep meanings that the lecturer read into it. Just the fact of the occasion itself struck me as having wellnigh most to say, and at any rate fed most the all but bottomless sense that constitutes to-day my chief receptacle of impressions, a sense which, at the same time, I fear I cannot better describe than as that of the way we are markedly going. No undue eagerness to determine whether this be well or ill attaches to the particular consciousness I speak of, and I can only give it frankly for what, on the whole, it most, for beguilement, for amusement, for the sweet thrill of perception, represents and achieves—the quickened notation of our "modernity." I feel that I can pay this lastnamed lively influence no greater tribute than by candidly accepting, as an aid to expression, its convenient name. To do that, doubtless, is to accept with the name a host of other things. From the moment, at any rate, the quickening I speak of sets in it is wonderful how many of these other things play, in every circumstance, into the picture.

That the day should have come for M. Bourget to lecture at Oxford, and should have come by the same stroke for Gustave Flaubert to be lectured about, filled the mind to a degree, and left it in an agitation of violence, that almost excluded the question of what in especial one of these spirits was to give and the other to gain. It was enough of an emotion, for the occasion, to live in the circumstance that the author of *Madame Bovary* could, in England, receive a public baptism of such peculiar solemnity. With the vision of that, one could bring in all the light and color of all the rest of the picture and absolutely see, for the instant, something momentous in the very act of happening—something certainly that could easily become momentous with a little interpretation. Such are the happy chances of the critical spirit, always yearning to interpret, but not unacquainted with empty times.

There was a degree of poetic justice, or at least of poetic generosity, in the introduction of Flaubert to a scene, to conditions of credit and honor, so little to have been by himself ever apprehended or estimated: it was impossible not to feel that no setting or stage for the crowning of his bust could less have appeared familiar to him and that he wouldn't have failed to wonder into what strangely alien air his glory had strayed. So it is that, as I say, the whole affair was a little miracle of our breathless pace, and no corner from which another member of the craft could watch it was so quiet as to attenuate the small magnificence of the hour. No novelist, in a word, worth his salt could fail of a consciousness, in the presence of it, of being made by it rather more of a novelist than before. Was it not, on the whole, just the essence of the matter that had for the moment there its official recognition? were not the little mystery and art ushered forward in a more expectant and consecrating hush than had ever yet been known to wait upon them?

One may perhaps take these things too hard and read into them foolish fancies; but the hush in question was filled to my imagination—quite apart from the listening faces, of which there would be special things to say that I wouldn't for the world risk!—with the great picture of all the old gray quads and old green gardens, of all the so totally different traditions and processions that were content at last, if only for the drowsy end of a summer afternoon, to range themselves round and play at hospitality. What it appeared possible to make out was a certain faint convergence: that was the idea of which, during the whole process, I felt the agreeable obsession. From the moment it brushed the mind certainly the impulse was to clutch and detain it: too doleful would it have been to entertain for an instant the fear that M. Bourget's lecture could leave the two elements of his case facing each other only at the same distance at which it had found them. No, no; there was nothing for it but to assume and insist that with each tick of the clock they moved a little nearer together. That was the process, as I have called it, and none the less interesting to the observer that it may not have been, and may not yet be, rapid, full, complete, quite easy or clear or successful. It was the seed of contact that assuredly was sown; it was the friendly beginning that in a manner was made. The situation was handled and modified—the day was a date. I shall perhaps remain obscure unless I say more expressly and literally that the particular thing into which, for the intense outsider, the incident most worked was a lively interest—so far as an outsider could feel it—in the whole odd phenomenon and spectacle of a certain usual positive *want* of convergence, want of communication between what the seat and habit of the classics, the famous frequentation and discipline, do for their victims in one direction and what they do not do for them in another. Was the invitation to M. Bourget not a dim symptom of a bridging of this queerest of all chasms? I can only so denominate—as a most anomalous gap—the class of possibilities to which we owe that, so often, in England, it comes over us that the light kindled by the immense academic privilege is apt suddenly to turn to thick smoke in the air of contemporary letters.

There are movements of the classic torch round modern objects—strange drips and drops and wondrous waverings—that have the effect of putting it straight out. The particular saturation that I allude to and that is most the fashion draws its credit from being an education of the taste, and it doubtless makes, on the prescribed lines and in the close company of the ancients, tremendous tests and triumphs for that faculty. Nothing, however, is so singular as to see what again and again becomes of it in the presence of examples for which prescription and association are of no avail. I am speaking, here, of course, not of unexpected reserves, but of unexpected raptures, bewildering revelations of a failure of the sense of perspective. This leads at times to startling estimates, to strange colloquies in which Euripides gives an arm to Sarah Grand and Ibsen rhymes somehow with Virgil. It is the breath of a madness in which one gropes for the method—probes in vain the hiatus and sighs for the missing link. I am far from meaning to say that all this will find itself amended by the discreet dose administered the other day at the Taylorian of even so great an antidote as Flaubert; but I come back to my theory that there is after all hope for a world still so accessible to salutary shocks. That was apparent indeed some years ago. Was it not at the Taylorian that Taine and Renan successively lectured? Oxford, wherever it was, heard them even then to the end. It is, for the Taines, the Renans and the Bourgets, like the salting of the tail of the bird: there must be more than one try.

It is possible to have glanced at some of the odd estimates that the conversation of the cultivated throws to the surface and yet to say quite without reserve that the world of books has suffered no small shrinkage by the recent death of Mrs. Oliphant. She had long lived and worked in it, and from no individual perhaps had the great contemporary flood received a more copious tribute. I know not if some study of her remarkable life, and still more of her remarkable character, be in preparation, but she was a figure that, on many sides, would still lend itself to vivid portraiture. Her success had been in its day as great as her activity; yet it was always present to me that her singular gift was less recognized, or at any rate less reflected, less reported upon, than it deserved: unless indeed she may have been one of those difficult cases for criticism, an energy of which the spirit and the form, straggling apart, never joined hands with that effect of union which in literature more than anywhere else is strength.

Criticism, among us all, has come to the pass of being shy of difficult cases, and no one, for that matter, practised it more in the hit-or-miss fashion and on the happy-go-lucky line than Mrs. Oliphant herself. She practised it, as she practised everything, on a scale that was immense, and her biographer, if there is to be one, will have no small task in the mere drafting of lists of her contributions to magazines and journals in general and to *Blackwood* in particular. She wrought in *Blackwood* for years, anonymously and profusely; no writer of the day found a *porte-voix* nearer to hand or used it with an easier personal latitude and comfort. I should almost suppose, in fact, that no woman had ever, for half a century, had her "say" so conveniently and constantly. Her facilities of course were of her own making, but the greatest of them all was the way she made them.

The explanation of her extraordinary fecundity was a rare original equipment, an imperturbability of courage, health and brain, to which was added the fortune, or the merit, of her having had to tune her instrument at the earliest age. That instrument was essentially a Scotch one; her stream flowed long and full without losing its primary color. To say that she was organized highly for literature would be to make too light of this terribly ticklish business; but few writers of our time have been so organized for liberal, for—one may almost put it—heroic production. One of the interesting things in large figures is that they leave us plenty of questions, if only about themselves; and precisely one of those that Mrs. Oliphant suggests is the wonder and mystery of a love of letters that could be so great without, ever on a single occasion even, being greater. It was of course not a matter of mere love; it was a part of her volume and abundance that she understood life itself in a fine, freehanded manner, and, I imagine, seldom refused to risk an effort on a subject, however it might have given pause, that would help to turn her wide wheel. She worked largely from obligation—to meet the necessities and charges and pleasures and sorrows of which she had a plentiful share. She showed in it all a sort of sedentary gallantry, an acceptance of the day's work and an abstention from the plaintive note, from which, I confess, I could never withhold my admiration.

Her capacity for labor was infinite—for labor of the only sort that, with the fine strain of old Scotch pride and belated letterless toryism that was in her, she held the only worth while. She had small patience with new-fangled attitudes or with a finical seriousness. What was good enough for Sir Walter was good enough for her; and I make no doubt that her shrewd, unfiltered, easy flow, fed after all by an immensity of reading as well as of observation and humor, would have been good enough for Sir Walter. If this had been the case with her abounding history, biography and criticism, it would have been still more the case with her uncontrolled flood of fiction. She was really a great *improvisatrice*, a night-working spinner of long, loose, vivid yarns, numberless, pauseless, admirable, repeatedly, for their full, pleasant, reckless rustle over depths and difficulties—admirable indeed, in any case of Scotch elements, for many a fair, strong encounter with these. She showed in no literary relation more acuteness than in the relation—so profitable a one as it has always been—to the inexhaustible little country which has given so much, yet has ever so much more to give, and all the romance and reality of which she had at the end of her pen. Her Scotch folk have a wealth of life, and I think no Scotch talk in fiction less of a strain to the patience of the profane. It may be less austerely veracious than some—but these are "Hieland" matters.

Reading since her death *Kirsteen*—one of the hundred, but published in her latest period and much admired by some judges—I was, though beguiled, not too much beguiled to be struck afresh with that elusive fact on which I just touched, the mixture in the performance. Such a product as *Kirsteen* has life—is full of life; but the critic is infinitely baffled. It may of course be said to him that he has nothing to do with compositions of this order—with such effusions, altogether, as Mrs. Oliphant piled up. But he can accept that retort only with a renunciation of some of his liveliest curiosities. Let him take some early day for getting behind, as it were, the complexion of a talent that could care to handle a thing to the tune of so many pages and yet not care more to "do" it. There is a fascination in the mere spectacle of so serene an instinct for the middle way, so visible a conviction that to reflect is to be lost.

Mrs. Oliphant was never lost, but she too often saved herself at the expense of her subject. I have no space to insist, but so much of the essence of the situation in *Kirsteen* strikes me as missed, dropped out without a thought, that the wonder is all the greater of the fact that, in spite of it, the book does in a manner scramble over its course and throw up a fresh, strong air. This was certainly the most that the author would have pretended, and from her scorn of precautions springs a gleam of impertinence quite in place in her sharp and handsome physiognomy, that of a person whose eggs are not all in one basket, nor all her imagination in service at once. There is scant enough question of "art" in the matter; but there is a friendly way for us to feel about so much cleverness, courage and humanity. We meet the case in wishing that the timid talents were a little more like her and the bold ones a little less.

HENRY JAMES.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was the night of the 12th of January, 1821, and Mitsos and Suleima were again sailing across the bay, this time, however, not out to sea, but to the side underneath the Tripolitza hills, where he and Nicholas had fished once the summer before. It was the first time they had been able to go out together since the night last recorded, for Suleima had been caught by the eunuch coming in from the garden. Luckily for them both, Mitsos had not been seen, and she said that she had a headache and could not sleep, and had sat in the garden for a while. Nothing more could be got out of her, and Zuleika had been loyal enough to say nothing. But Suleima got beaten, and she judged it prudent not to have any more headaches for a while. As luck would have it, however, a fortnight afterwards the eunuch was found drunk one night—a particularly heinous crime, as by religion he was a teetotaller—and dismissed. Suleima took careful note of the habits of the new man, and remarked with much approval that he went to bed early and slept soundly, and at length she ventured to resume her excursions.

She had more leisure than usual after her detection, for she was locked up by herself and had no sweets to eat, and she thought a great deal of Mitsos. She, who had hardly ever seen a man, and had certainly never in the last ten years spoken to one, except the black thick-lipped eunuch and Abdul Achmet, whose small sensual eyes looked at her like a mole's eyes above his fat, pendulous cheeks, could hardly believe that they and Mitsos, with his sunbrowned, boyish face and long clean limbs, were specimens of the same animal. From the first time that she had seen him, only dimly as he sat in his boat, swaying regularly and gracefully with its motion, and heard him singing the old song which she remembered from her childhood, she had thought how charming it would be to live as he lived, as free as the water-swallows, wholesomely and cleanly in the open air. Surely he had caught something indefinable, but none the less certain, from wind and sun, which reminded her of a clear light spring morning, when it was so pleasant to come out of the stuffy perfumed house to have a breath of a more airy fragrance thrown at one by the sea-breeze, and feel with a start a few dewdrops from the great climbing rose about the door shaken upon the bare flesh by the wind; for, unlike the Turks, she came of an out-door race, and the racial instinct had not been altogether eradicated by her hot-house artificial life.

Then by degrees this feeling had grown more personal. It was doubly delightful to be able to talk confidentially and naturally, as one child talks to another, to some one of her own age. She liked talking to Zuleika, but she preferred talking to Mitsos; it was delightful to be able to make him laugh and show his regular, white teeth. Zuleika had hideous teeth; one had gone all black, and for whole days together she would sit, a sloppy, dishevelled object, by the fire, saying it ached. Again, when Mitsos laughed, his cheeks wrinkled up till his eyes were shut, and two funny little dimples came one on each side of his mouth. What would happen, she had thought once, if she made him laugh and then held his eyes open so that they could not shut? She would like to try. Then, again, Mitsos evidently liked her very much, and in quite a different way from which any one had liked her before. Zuleika liked her in a sort of way, but when her tooth ached she ignored her altogether, and had once slapped her in the face. And when Abdul came and took her chin between his fingers, and turned up her face to his, and told her she was getting very pretty, she turned cold all over. It reminded her of the way he had pointed at one of the turkeys in the yard and said it was getting quite fat. Again, it had been quite unaccountably delightful to sit close to Mitsos and shelter under him from the wind. Finally, when they parted that night, and she had brushed back the curls from his forehead and kissed him, her feelings had been more unaccountable still. She had done it unthinkingly, but the moment it was done a whole mill-race of thoughts went bubbling through her head. She wanted to do it again; she wanted him to take her in his arms and press her close to him—she would not mind if it hurt; she hated Zuleika; she understood in a moment why, if Mitsos felt as she did, he should have been angry when she told him what Zuleika said, and the next words had come out of her mouth without her wish or knowledge. Then she had felt suddenly shy and frightened; she longed to stop where she was, for surely Mitsos understood what she felt, and so, being a woman, she instantly ran away and never looked behind.

To-night she sat on the wall for half an hour before he came, and the thought that perhaps he would not come had brought into her eyes silent, childish tears. He must come; she could not do without him. For herself, she would have sat on the wall every night for months to go out with him; surely he could not be tired in a week or two of going and not finding her there. But with the rising of the moon she had seen a white sail far away, that got nearer, and at last the boat grated against the wall.

"Is it you, Mitsos?" she whispered, and for answer the rope was flung up to her, and her young black-eyed lover sprang up to her side. She descended the ladder silently and stood against the mast, while he joined her, and with a vigorous push he set them floating again in the vast dim immensity of the moonlit sea. He set the sail, and came and stood in front of her.

"Suleima," he whispered, "last time you kissed me; will you let me kiss you?"

He bent from his great height above her, and would have kissed her lightly on the forehead as she had kissed him. But suddenly that was impossible; they were no longer children, but lovers, and the next moment his arms were flung round her neck and her mouth pressed close to his, and each kiss left them hungrier for the next.

The wind was straight behind them, and they sat where they sat before and talked in low voices, as if half afraid the stars would hear them. Mitsos had got his fishing-spear and bag of resin on board, and at Suleima's suggestion they went straight before the wind to the bay where Mitsos said he could catch fish if she cared to see him. Half an hour's sail brought them across, and fastening the boat to a bush of blackthorn, that grew thick on the top of the rocks on the edge of the tideless sea, he took Suleima in his arms and waded through the shallow water to the head of the bay where he would fish, for the undergrowth was thick and soaked with the night dews. She was but a feather's weight in his strong arms, and her head lay on his shoulder, and she threw one arm round his neck for greater security. He made her a nest under a clump of rushes that grew on the edge of the dry sand, and then went back to look for his fishing-things. To carry Suleima to land he had only the shallowest water at the edge of the sea to walk through, and he had just turned up the bottom of his trousers; but where he was going to fish it would be deeper, and as usual he slipped them off, buckling his tunic, which reached to his knees, round his waist. Then he lighted his flare, and stepping off into the deeper water, which came just below his knees, he went slowly along, peering cautiously at the bright circle of light cast by the burning resin.

Fish were plentiful, and Suleima from her nest near clapped her hands and laughed delightedly when Mitsos speared one larger than usual, and held it up flapping and wriggling to show her. She got so excited in his proceedings that she left her nest and walked along the edge of the sand parallel with him, observing what he did with the keenest interest. Then, when she got tired of watching, Mitsos declared he was tired of fishing, and waded to shore with a creel full of fish.

It was a beautifully clear warm night, the air felt as smooth as satin, the moon had set behind the hills to the west, and in the sheltered little nook beneath the tall singing rushes they sat together and looked over the fish by the light of the resin flare. Suleima had brought with her Turkish tobacco, which she had taken from home, and gave it to Mitsos to smoke. The other women of the harem all smoked, she said, and she had tried one, but she hated it; and Mitsos lighted his pipe at the flare and smoked awhile.

The resin burned lower and lower; now and then it would shoot up with a sudden leap of flame, and for a moment reveal each to the other. Suleima would smile at Mitsos, and before he could answer her smile the flame would die down again into a tiny, flickering spot on the glowing, bubbling ash. But as he would fish no more to night, he did not replenish it. Only the wind sang low in the rushes behind which they sat, and drove little bits of sea-weed over Mitsos's bare legs. Before them spread the broad waters of the bay, just curdled over by the wind; above, the austere stars; behind, the empty wooded hills rising into the peaks above Tripoli.

The wind dropped for a moment, the rushes were silent, and in the lull Mitsos heard a mule-bell behind them, not far off. He sat up and peered across the narrow strip of plain, over which there hung a thin veil of mist, but saw nothing. In a few minutes the sound got sensibly nearer, and they moved a little further down the beach, for a footpath round the head of the bay to Nauplia led across the top of it. Then through the sound of the bell they could hear the pattering footsteps of the mule, and in a few moments it and its rider emerged from the bushes through which the path led on to the open ground at the top of the beach. Just then the man stopped the mule, dismounted, and tied some grass round the tongue of the bell in order to muffle it, and struck a light with a flint and steel, which he caught in tinder; he blew it gently till it sufficed to light his short chibouk. His face was towards them, and in the bright spurt of light it stood out vividly from the dark. It was Nicholas.

He mounted and rode on again, and Mitsos sat still, hardly conscious of anything, seeing only Nicholas's face standing out like a ghost in the darkness. Suleima touched him gently on the arm.

"Who was it?" she said. "He did not see us?"

"It was my uncle," said Mitsos, in a dry voice. "No, he did not see us." Then his self-control gave way, and he flung himself back on the ground. "I am afraid," he said. "I do not know what is going to happen. He has come for me. I know it."

"For you?" asked Suleima. "What do you mean?"

"I shall have to go," said Mitsos. "Holy Virgin! but I cannot. I know nothing about what he wants me to do. I only know that I may—that I shall have to go away; that I shall have to leave you, and perhaps never see you again."

Suleima was frightened.

"Mitsos, don't talk like that," she said, half sobbing. "Don't be so unkind."

Mitsos recovered himself, and felt ashamed.

"My poor little bird!" he said, soothingly; "I am a stupid brute to frighten you. Everything will be all right. I will come back—of course I will come back. Only I promised Uncle Nicholas to do what he told me and help him in everything—it does not matter what—and I expect he has come to tell me he wants my help."

"Won't you tell me what it is?" asked Suleima, willing to be comforted.

"No. I promised I would keep it secret. But this I may tell you. You know they say—never repeat this—that the Greeks are going to rise against the Turks and turn them out. There must be fighting and bloodshed. But you hate the Turks as much as I do, darling, so you will be as glad as I if this comes true. Perhaps it might happen that Abdul's house might be attacked, but you are quite safe if you will only do one thing. If ever it is attacked do not be afraid, but call out in Greek that you are a Greek, and no Turk. And, oh, Suleima, pray to the Virgin and the Blessed Child that that day may soon come, for it will be then that we shall be able to go together always!"

"Is it about that you are going away?" said Suleima, with a sudden intuition.

Mitsos longed to tell her, but for a moment his promise to Nicholas kept him dumb. Then, as he had to answer, he lied boldly and unreservedly.

"It has nothing whatever to do with it," he said. "Suleima, do forgive me for frightening you. I didn't mean what I said. And you will come to the wall again as often as you can. I may have to go away—I expect I shall have to—but I don't know for how long. The first night I am back I shall come again to see you."

Suleima felt quite comforted; she was sure that nothing could go really wrong as long as Mitsos was in existence, and she drew down his head and kissed him.

"Yes, Mitsos, I will come to the wall whenever I can, on the chance of your being there, because, you know, I care more for you than all the rest of the world. And now carry me back to the boat. It is time I went back."

Mitsos stooped down and lifted her up. As his hands were full, he slung the creel round his neck and Suleima carried the extinguished flare. His heart was horribly heavy within him, for he felt certain why Nicholas had come, but he was apparently his old cheery self, and Suleima forgot about the rather disquieting remark just after Nicholas had passed. What he should do he could not form the least idea; at present it seemed to him impossible that he should go away and leave her; he felt willing to throw to the winds all he had promised Nicholas. Nicholas had told him that he should be one of the foremost of his country's avengers. He shrugged his shoulders, and would with pleasure have sent Nicholas, his country, and vengeance to the devil. Were there not plenty of young men to avenge Greece? Why should he give up all that was dearest to him and go out on this undesired adventure?

But as long as Suleima was with him he stifled all these thoughts, while the boat skimmed seawards on the outward tack. They put about opposite the island and ran straight for the wall. The wind had freshened, and to Mitsos the boat seemed to be going terribly fast, and he grudged each moment. But he had quite lulled Suleima's fears, and she lay with her head on his shoulder, half asleep, looking up now and then into his wide-open eyes, and pressing her arm more closely round his neck. He had to rouse her when he must get up to take in the sail, and she smiled at him sleepily, like a child just awakened. As soon as he had fixed the ladder she climbed up, and clung to him for a moment, and went quickly and silently back to the house.

Mitsos pushed off, and then, left alone, he broke down utterly, and laying his face on the pillow where she had sat, sobbed like the boy he was.

It was after two when he had landed opposite his house, and he saw with some surprise that there were lights still burning. He opened the door, and bending his head to pass under the low jamb, entered. Constantine and Nicholas were sitting there, Constantine silent, Nicholas talking eagerly, and Mitsos observed that he had let his pipe go out. Nicholas sprang up when Mitsos came in.

"Ah, here he is! Mitsos, the time has come. You must go at once."

Mitsos looked at him a moment, steadily and silently—their eyes were on a level—and then he turned aside and put down the fishing-creel in the corner. In that one moment he had put before himself the whole position and decided.

Then he faced Nicholas again.

"I'm ready," he said; "tell me what I have to do."

Since August, Nicholas had been travelling about the Peloponnesus, being received everywhere as one of the accredited leaders of the revolution. The report of his death at Corinth had enabled him for a time to show himself more openly than he would otherwise have dared to, for the Turks, who had begun to be alive to the truth of the ever-increasing rumors, and who knew that Nicholas was a leader, had taken no steps to counteract the report, for they hoped, somewhat ingeniously, but wholly mistakenly, that the news of his death would produce a good moral effect, and prove to be deterrent to revolutionary spirits. The Greeks, however, as Germanos had said, knew "that Nicholas was not the sort of man who died," and Turkish ingenuity signally failed in its aim. In fact, it enabled Nicholas to move about more freely, and to take full advantage of the fact that he was supposed to be beyond the reach of war and rumors of war. Indeed, finding himself back at Corinth in October, where he had business with one of his fellow-workers, he had amused himself one hot day in making a little wooden cross, on which he painted his name, and below, with a two-headed meaning, the text, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." He was to leave Corinth that night, and after dark had fallen he and his host went to the Greek cemetery and planted it neatly over a newly made grave. It caused a certain amount of amusement among the Greeks when it was discovered, but the Turks seemed quite at a loss what to make of it. Not even they would have dared to disturb a Greek cemetery, for the dead had in their eyes a sacredness which the living altogether lacked, and it remained there for a year, when subsequent events led to its being placed over another grave.

December and the first half of January he had spent in the Maina country south of Sparta, and it was from there he had fled in haste to Nauplia, for his presence in the Maina, which was blatantly disaffected, had become too insistent to be disregarded, and the Turkish Governor of Tripoli, Mehemet Salik, who had just been transferred there from Nauplia, where for the last year he had been in command of the garrison, had written to the Greek Bey of that district, Petros Mavromichales, usually known as Petrobey, demanding that he should be given up on the old charge of brigandage. Petrobey, like Germanos, was of high rank, and the Turks seemed to have no suspicion that he himself was a leader of the revolution; but, as a matter of fact, he and Nicholas, who was staying with him at the time, read the letter together, and consulted what should be done.

Nicholas was disposed to shrug at it altogether, or merely

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"MITSOS SURVEYED HIM WITH EASY INDIFFERENCE, RAISING HIS EYEBROWS SLIGHTLY AT THE QUESTION."

send back an answer that he was supposed to be dead, but Petrobey thought differently. His own usefulness was immensely increased by the fact that he was beyond suspicion himself, and he advised Nicholas to retire to some very unlikely place, while he himself would prosecute a vigorous and totally unsuccessful search for him as a proof of his thorough fidelity. Had he not a brother-in-law—his own cousin—at Nauplia? Nauplia was an excellent place to go to. He had better not stop in Maina, for the Turks themselves might search for him, and Nauplia was under the very nose of the Turkish Governor, and people always looked everywhere else first. But it would be necessary to have some extremely trustworthy person who could communicate between them, and Nicholas had spoken to him of his nephew. This nephew lived at Nauplia, did he not? How very convenient! Nicholas should go to Nauplia, and send his nephew back to Maina with news of his safe arrival, and to act as messenger.

This business dismissed, Petrobey wrote an exceedingly polite letter to Mehemet Salik, saying that his (Petrobey's) house was his (Mehemet's) house, and that he himself was honored by his commands, for was he not the deputy of the Shadow of God? Nicholas, it is true, he had learned by inquiry, had been seen lately in Maina, or so the gossips thought; but as they had been told that he was lately dead at Corinth, there was perhaps some mistake. However, the bearers of the letter to the deputy of the Shadow of God would be his witnesses that he had sent out twenty men to scour the country-side, and no doubt the hound of Hell would be found. He should, when found, be sent at once to Tripoli.

Petrobey was the head of the numerous and powerful clan of the Mavromichales. He himself was Governor of the district, and his brothers and cousins were mayors and land-owners of the villages for miles round. Like Nicholas's family, with whom they were connected twenty times in marriage, they prided themselves on having kept their blood clean, and not mated with devils; and the wrong done to Nicholas's wife they felt like a wrong done to themselves, to be wiped out only with blood. So when, in the presence of the five soldiers who had brought Mehemet's letter, Petrobey sent for his cousin Dimitri, and told him that that bastard cousin of theirs, Nicholas Vidales, was being sought for by the deputy of the Shadow of God who cast his effulgence just now over Tripoli, Dimitri knew exactly what to do, and the Turkish soldiers were much impressed. They had the further satisfaction, an hour later, of seeing twenty mounted men set off southwards in search of Nicholas, following well-authenticated information, and later in the afternoon they themselves set off on their journey to Tripoli, having drunk a little more than was good for them at Petrobey's expense.

Nicholas and he supped together, and it was arranged that Nicholas should start that night from Panitza, so as to reach Gythium before the morning.

"I regret," said Petrobey, "my dear cousin, that I cannot speed you on your way myself, and can send none of our clan with you; but perhaps it would be outstepping the bonds of prudence if I went myself, and, as you know, most of our cousins living about here have gone to look for you in the opposite direction. They will no doubt be back before midnight, but I should advise your setting out before then."

Nicholas laughed.

"I shall do very well, my cousin," he said. "I shall reach Nauplia in two days or three, and send Mitsos back at once. He is absolutely and entirely trustworthy. I think I told you of the test."

"You did. He should be very useful to us. It is time, I think, that the mills were put in working order, and a boy like that can go freely to and fro without suspicion. Your health, dear cousin; I drink to you and to vengeance!"

The men clinked glasses, emptied them, and filled them again.

"I do not easily forget," said Nicholas, "and the Turk shall not easily forget me. The corn will grow high this summer, for the fields will be rich. Your health, dear cousin, and the memory of one whom we forget not."

They sat in silence for a little while, for Petrobey knew that Nicholas spoke of his wife, who was also his own cousin; and having finished their meal, they drank their coffee, and Nicholas's horse was brought round. The two men walked to the end of the village together, a lad leading the horse behind, and there they stopped a moment.

"I may not see you again," said Nicholas, "till the feast is ready. And on that day, my cousin, you and I will fall to with good appetite. I wish you good appetite for that feast."

After the manner of relations and friends, they kissed each other, and Nicholas mounted and rode off.

Eight days after Nicholas's departure Mitsos arrived, having passed without question through Tripolitza and Sparta. Following Nicholas's directions, he had kept his ears very wide open at Tripolitza, where he had spent the night at a Greek inn, and he had heard things which he thought might be of interest. First and foremost, the letter which Petrobey had written to the deputy of the Shadow of God had been received, and was supposed to have given satisfaction, for Mitsos had fallen in with one of the Turkish soldiers who had taken it, and who reported that the matter was to be left entirely in Petrobey's hands, which seemed a mark of confidence in his fidelity. Also, the meeting of primates and bishops at Tripolitza, which usually took place at the beginning of April, was summoned for the beginning of March. Lastly, Mehemet Salik was fortifying the walls of the city. Mitsos had spent the second night at Sparta, the third at Marathonisi, a town on the coast, and the middle of the fourth day saw him climbing the steep hill into Panitza. His horse was tired with the four days' journey, and a couple of miles below the village Mitsos got off and walked behind it, cracking his whip every now and then, partly to encourage it, and partly because he could crack a whip louder than any one he had ever heard. Petrobey, who was smoking outside the big café at the entrance to the village, saw the tired horse and the extremely vigorous-looking young giant walking by its side as they passed, and after a few moments' inspection, said to a young man who was sitting with him:

"That is he, no doubt. Nicholas seems to have chosen well."

The two got up and followed the boy, till he, seeing them, stopped and asked for Petros Mavromichales's house.

"And what do you want with Petrobey?" asked that gentleman.

Mitsos surveyed him with easy indifference, raising his eyebrows slightly at the question.

"See, friend," he said, "I have my business; you have yours. If you know his house, and will tell me, good; if not, I will ask some one else."

Petrobey laughed.

"You are Mitsos, no doubt," he said. "Welcome, cousin, for Nicholas's sake and your own. You were quite right not to answer my question. But, as I am Petrobey, it was reasonable of me to ask."

"I really am very sorry," said the boy, "but how should I know? I have come from Nauplia. Uncle Nicholas arrived safely."

"That is good; and you have arrived safely, which is also good. This is my son Yanni, Mitsos, and your cousin. Yanni, take your cousin's horse, and then join us."

Mitsos hesitated a moment before giving the bridle to Yanni.

"Thank you very much," he said; "but I can put the horse up myself, if you will show me where. My father told me always to put it up myself. They laughed at me at the inn at Tripoli for doing it."

"Indeed?" said Petrobey, glancing at the boy's shoulders. "I would never laugh at you, Mitsos. What did you do?"

"I knocked one of them down," said Mitsos, cheerfully; "and he didn't laugh any more."

"The horse will be all right here," said Petrobey, smiling; "and you two mustn't fight, for you will see a good deal of each other. Give him the horse, Mitsos."

Mitsos obeyed, and they went into the house, where dinner was getting ready. Mitsos, as usual, exhibited a phenomenal appetite after his journey from Marathonisi, and Yanni looked on in astonishment, not unmixed with awe. After dinner they sat out in the sun under the shelter of the southern veranda, and here Mitsos learned what he had to do.

"Your uncle Nicholas," said Petrobey, "has told me that I can trust you completely, and I have many things to tell you, any of which, if you choose to give information to the Turk, would see me, and many others besides, to the gallows."

Yanni, who was lying on a straw mat near Mitsos, lighted his pipe and grinned.

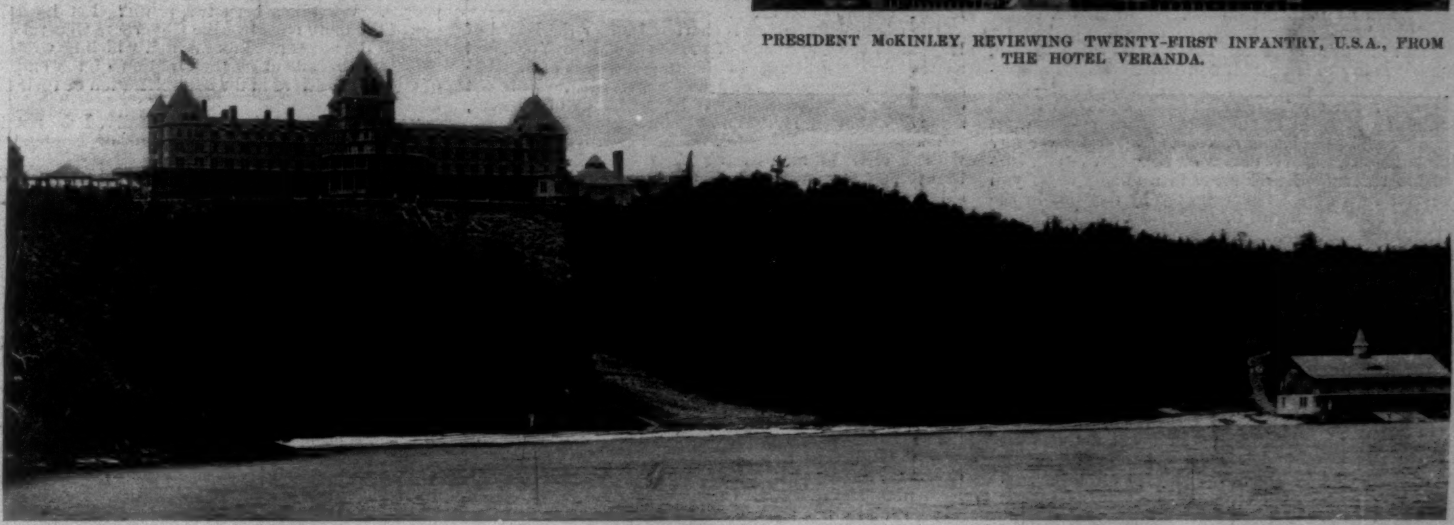
"Me among them, Mitsos," he said, looking up at his big cousin. "You will please to remember that."

But Mitsos did not answer, and only looked gravely at Petrobey.

"We shall no longer be cursed by these devils," con-

DRAWING-ROOM IN NEW YORK COTTAGE.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY, REVIEWING TWENTY-FIRST INFANTRY, U.S.A., FROM THE HOTEL VERANDA.



HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, AT BLUFF POINT, WHERE PRESIDENT McKINLEY IS SPENDING HIS VACATION.

TWIN BAYS, VALCOUR ISLAND, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

CHAMPLAIN CLUB HOUSE.

Bishop Watterson. Archbishop Martinelli. Rev. Dr. Lavelle, Pres. Catholic Summer School.

ON THE PIAZZA OF THE CHAMPLAIN CLUB HOUSE.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA COTTAGES.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT TO THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

tinued Petrobey, "for the Turks will vanish out of the land like snow in summer. What you and Yanni have to do is to go through the land, calling at certain villages, speaking to certain men. This first journey, on which you will set out to-morrow, will take you a fortnight or so, and then you will come back here. And remember, Mitsos, that you will be doing what none of us could do; for two boys, dressed as peasants dress, driving a couple of mules laden with oranges, can pass where Nicholas and I could not. On this first journey Yanni will go with you, for he knows the country; but after that there will probably be this and other work for him to do, and also for you, plenty. You will go to the houses of these men, and ask this question: 'Are you grinding corn?' and they will answer, 'Corn for the hungry, or corn for the Turk?' And you will say, 'Black corn for the Turk. If you have not begun grinding, begin, and grind quickly.'"

Mitsos was listening breathlessly.

"What does it all mean?" he asked.

Petrobey smiled, and unslinging his powder-flask from his belt, shook out a little into his hand.

"Corn," he said. "Black corn for the Turk."

Mitsos nodded.

"For the first journey that will be all," he said. "Yanni will be with you, and it will be simple enough. After that you may have to go here, there, anywhere. You will certainly have to go to Nauplia, where you will find Nicholas, and Yanni will, I am afraid, have to go to Tripoli for a little while."

"The devil take Tripoli!" muttered Yanni.

"What will he go to Tripoli for?" asked Mitsos.

"Perhaps he may not, but if he goes it will be as a hostage for my good conduct. Don't be horrified, Mitsos; we are not going to have him murdered. I shall not behave badly till he is safe again. But—who knows?—some rumor may reach the Turks at Tripoli, and if so I shall send him as a hostage. But about this journey—you must be as quick and as quiet as you can. Never answer any questions about Nicholas or me or yourselves—you cannot be too careful. Never sleep in a village when you have given a message. Sleep mostly by day out in the woods, and travel at night, though you must be careful to arrive at the villages where you give these messages by day. Finally, be ready to run, if running will do, if not, to fight. Which would you prefer?"

Mitsos kicked out a leg tentatively.

"I don't much mind," he said; "I can fight if necessary."

"I hope it won't be. Try to avoid any suspicion. I don't think you need provoke any. But if you do, remember that you must try to run away first. The point is that you should do your business quietly."

Yanni turned round and looked at Mitsos.

"You would prefer fighting, would you not, cousin?" he said. "But I don't see how there will be either fighting or running to do, father. We only go to friends, give our message, and pass on."

Petrobey got up.

"That is what I hope," he said, "but you cannot tell. Some of those whom we thought our friends may be treacherous. I have to see Dimitri, and you boys can stop here, or you can take Mitsos to see some of his cousins, Yanni. We will talk again this evening."

Petrobey whistled to the great savage sheep-dog, which got up, and with all its hackles up, made a second examination of Mitsos's legs, growling gently to himself. The boy sat quite still under this somewhat trying inspection, and the dog after a few moments laid his head on his knee and looked him in the face. Mitsos lifted his hand very gently and stroked the brute's ears, and Petrobey watched them.

"There, go along," said Mitsos after a few moments, and the dog wagged his tail and walked across to Petrobey.

"That is curious," said the latter; "Osman is not usually friendly. I suppose he saw you were not afraid of him."

Mitsos looked up smiling.

"I was horribly afraid," he said, "but I tried not to show it. Big dogs are fools; they never understand."

"You will find that men are even greater fools; they always mistake bluff for bravery," said Petrobey, walking off.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT.

THIS popular institution of learning, which reproduces in a Christian sense and spirit the ancient out-door place of learning of old Athens in Greece, known to us under the name of "the groves of Academe," is a most interesting enterprise in modern education.

The Catholic Summer School, generally known as the Champlain School, or the Champlain Assembly of Cliff Haven, was organized six years ago, for the purpose of imparting to all comers the elements of higher education on the basis of Catholic faith and thought, during the summer, and with all the advantages of rest, recreation, and out-door life added to those of instructive and entertaining lecture courses.

The main object of the school is well stated in Cardinal Newman's declaration, which has been accepted by it as a guiding maxim, that "truth is the object of knowledge of whatever kind, and truth means facts and their relations. Religious truth is not only a portion but a condition of knowledge. To blot it out is nothing short of unravelling the web of university teaching."

The first session of the Catholic Summer School was held experimentally at New London, Connecticut, and was instantly successful. Many offers of attractive sites in various parts of the country were then made to the organization, and it was finally decided to buy a tract of four hundred and fifty acres of picturesque farm and woodland on the western shore of Lake Champlain, three miles from Plattsburg, New York, adjoining Bluff Point, where the Hotel Champlain is situated, at which President McKinley is now enjoying his summer vacation. The Champlain School owns part of this high, rock-ribbed, and forest-covered bluff, commanding superb views over the great lake, with the Adirondack Mountains and forests at its back, and the Green Mountains of Vermont in full sight across the broad stretch of water.

President McKinley was recently invited to visit the school and its vast grounds. He courteously waived the rule he had made against taking part in public ceremonies during his interval of rest, and went to the institution as a guest of its president, Father Lavelle, the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Archbishop Corrigan, who presides over that cathedral, was present, as were also Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, New York, in whose diocese the property is located, Bishop Watterson, Father Lavelle, Father McMahon of the cathedral (who has been one of the most ardent and efficient workers in promoting the success of the school), and Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, a young and energetic layman, who was the originator of the whole establishment, and has labored for it untiringly, self-sacrificingly, and now enjoys a well-earned triumph in seeing it a prosperous reality.

Mr. McKinley was welcomed with acclaim by the students. He passed into the spacious grounds through a triumphal arch erected in his honor, and covered with golden-rod and other wild flowers, with an evergreen cross on the top. These decorations were arranged by the young women of the school.

The President was escorted to the large assembly hall where the lectures are given, and an audience of 1000 people greeted him with choral songs, and the leaders of the school made patriotic speeches. The President was greatly pleased with the warmth of the welcome given him, and afterwards engaged in a session of friendly and informal conversation with the officers of the association in their executive building.

The Champlain School is chartered under the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, and shares in all the privileges and the standards of scholarship over which that body has supervision. It is not owned by ecclesiastics, but is in the hands of trustees, some of whom are laymen and some are priests.

The grounds are being laid out and improved carefully, with a view to maintaining their remarkable natural beauty and to securing perfect sanitary conditions. Besides the assembly hall there are several commodious houses held by clubs formed from among the life members and other members, as well as a number of private houses. Tents also are used; and the attendance this year has been so large that it is hard to find accommodation for every one, but the trolley running to Plattsburg enables many to take quarters in the village and come out to the school for the day.

Among the subjects discussed in the seven weeks' session of this year are "Phases of Shakespearian Study," "Development of Greek Literature," "The Sun of History," "Liturgy of the Catholic Church," "The Rise and Decline of the Ottoman Empire," "Ethical Problems," "The Stage as an Educator," "The Distribution of Wealth," "Recent Electrical Discoveries," "The Idea of God," "Philosophy and Pedagogy," to which are added numerous lectures and conferences on literature, languages, and other themes. The syllabus of the courses shows a broad range, and the teaching imparted includes all the essentials of a liberal and wholesome education.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE RECENT TROUBLES IN INDIA.

AT no time since the English established their rule over the vast aggregation of peoples and territory known to the rest of the world as India has their capacity to hold the country and their moral right to possess it been subject to severer tests than they seem likely to be put to now. The task of governing India in the past has been comparatively easy, because the various races were kept apart by racial and religious prejudices, the memories of former conflicts, and by the comparatively little interference of the new conquerors with their customs, usages, and laws, and the complete toleration accorded to any and every form of religious belief. The early administrators of India, too, were less interested in collecting taxes and making pleasing reports to their superiors in England than in extending the territories subject to their influence, and augmenting the profits of the trade done by "Jehan Kumpani," as the old East India Company was familiarly called. With all the talk of "the blessings of peace," by which the English government and press seek to justify their presence and rule in India, the accumulated wealth of the country was greater than it is now, and though the taxation may in appearance have been heavier than at present, it was in reality lighter, because it all remained and was spent in the country, instead of, as now, being drained out of it to enrich the governing classes of a distant and foreign domination.

That is the key to the present situation in British-governed India, declared and reiterated by every intelligent and educated native of no matter what religion or race, and admitted by every capable and honest English administrator and statesman who has had anything to do with the government of India. The cry of the spokesmen of the Indian people when asking for changes in the government of the country has never been to menace English rule, but has been a plaintive appeal for reform, for mercy, for some relaxation of the pitiless system of government that was landing the Indian people in national bankruptcy and individual poverty, and threatening the foundations of English rule. At the head of those who have unceasingly warned the British government of the danger of the course it was running has been the Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, a native of Bombay, and a Parsee by race and religion. Possessed of intelligence of a high order, and a desire for the welfare of his countrymen of every race and creed, this gentleman has devoted the energies of his mind and life entirely to their service in various ways. Born at Bombay in 1825, he rose as he progressed in years to the chair of the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Elphinstone College there. In 1855 he resigned his professorship and went to England as a partner in the Indian mercantile house of Cama & Co. One of the first steps he took after his arrival in England and making a careful study of the subject, was to recommend his friends in India to send their sons over to England to qualify for the civil service, in order that they might take part in the administration of their country. In 1864 he went out to India for a short time, and on his return to England he organized a political association in 1867 known as the East India Association, with a branch in Bombay, for the study of Indian political questions. He received help and sympathy in his work both in England and in India from public men and native princes, and laid the foundations of what has since developed into a wider movement that has taken the form of a periodical gathering known as the Indian National Congress.

From the very first, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji saw that the rock towards which English rule in India was drifting to wreck was the economic question. He saw that an administration that regarded itself simply as a tax-collecting machine must fall into trouble when the demands for taxes exceeded the available supply of resources out of which the taxes could be paid. The semi-commercial, semi-military paternal despotism of the East India Company went down in 1857 in the revolt against the greased cartridges issued to its Sepoy soldiery. Its place was taken by a government under the Queen, appointed by the British Parliament, that was inaugurated in 1858 by a proclamation breathing the spirit of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In 1833 an act of Parliament said of the people of India and their rights: "No native of the said territories nor any natural-born subject of his Majesty resident therein shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the said company." This was reaffirmed, amplified, and proclaimed as the royal will after the mutiny of 1857, and reiterated in an act of Parliament in 1870, which declared *any* office in India was open to the Indian people. What has been the result? Let Lord Lytton, one of the more recent of the Governors-General of India, furnish the answer. In a Minute, which he wrote for the English government on the question of the employment of educated natives in the administration of their country, he says:

"Since I am writing confidentially, I do not hesitate to say that both the governments of England and of India appear to me, up to the present moment, unable to answer satisfactorily the charge of having taken every means in their power of breaking to the heart the words of promise they had uttered to the ear." This was in 1878, and no change has taken place since, while the crowd of educated young Indians yearly increases without any prospect of a career. The danger of the situation the English rule has created may be briefly summed up as a tax-impoverished population of some 250,000,000 waiting to be fired by the discontent of 250,000 of a more or less educated proletariat with ambitions without scope for their exercise. Men like Ram Mohun Roy, Dadabhai Naoroji, and others before and since, have striven to awaken the dominant power to a sense of the danger, and they have advised patience and hope to their countrymen. But it has been without avail.

Rightly to explain the economic difficulty of continuing to govern India on the present extravagant system, with its high-salaried and high-pensioned English officials, some details are necessary. In the first place, competent statisticians, comparing the relative average incomes per head of a unit of population in England and India, place the first at $210 and the latter at $10. The average income of an agricultural laborer in India is estimated at $32, on which to maintain himself, wife, and three children—a little over $6 per head. The next poorest country to India is Russia, with an average income of $50 per head. Official calculations went to show that in northwest India an income of not less than $17 per head was absolutely indispensable to supply the necessaries of life for an agricultural laborer. In the warmer parts of the country $15 was reckoned sufficient, without extras. Yet the same official calculations went to show that the highest average income in any one province was only $15, while in a large part of the country it was but $12 50, and in a still larger part it was down to $11, with a general average all over India of only $13 50. In both cases the indispensable income was above the average actual income *anywhere*, thus proving the truth of the official statement made by Sir Auckland Colvin in 1885, that "the masses of the people are men whose income at the best is barely sufficient to afford them the sustenance necessary to support life, living as they do on the barest necessaries of life." In 1888 the Bengal government admitted that in Behar, with 15,300,000 population, *forty per cent.* of this vast number were only able to provide for one meal per day! All over India the officials report that the mass of the people go through life on insufficient food. The salt tax, imposed for revenue and military purposes, has raised that necessary article of consumption from 27 cents a *maund* of 82 pounds in 1800 in Madras to $1 27 in 1890, and in Bombay from 24 cents a *maund* to $1 21. To a poverty-stricken vegetarian population the deprivation of this vital necessary is the source of disease, leprosy among others. The vital statistics of India give 23½ years as the life average, as against 40 years in England. In the worst three famine years of the century, 1877–9, the number of registered deaths was 14,918,713. In the three "good" years there died 15,512,469 people. To emphasize the meaning of these figures it is shown that the income of the people of India as compared with that of the English people is a *minus* income—that is, insufficient to sustain a healthy life. The *plus* income per head in England, after satisfying wants and providing extras, is put down at $20 77. The *minus* income in India is set down at 31 cents. To further expose the excessive mortality in India, in a state of peace, from economic causes, a comparison with the recorded deaths in war from 1793–1890 is most interesting. In those 103 years the number of lives lost in war is put at 4,500,000; excess deaths from fever (starvation) only during 1881 to to 1888 in India, 4,349,922. Such figures speak for themselves.

The causes, plainly stated, for the terrible condition of the Indian people are absentee landlordism, with its consequent drain of the resources of the country to maintain a foreign domination. As an instance, taking the financial year 1889–90, the net amount of the land revenues of India was $97,500,000, while the amount expended through the Indian Office in London, in England only, on account of India was $117,250,000. These figures are official. From this it will be seen that not only was the whole land rent of India taken to be spent in England, but over $20,000,000 more that had to be taken from other sources. This may make it understood how it is that the India people are insufficiently fed and clothed, and consequently short-lived. When it is re-

membered that this drain has been going on in varying degree for over ninety years, the wonder is that the patience of the people has not been exhausted long ago. The reason of their quiescence has been their ignorance. Had the old American colonies been inhabited by people of the same temperament, as ignorant and docile, there would have been no Boston Tea Party, no Declaration of Independence, and no Old Glory floating over the forty-five States and the Territories of the Union.

Another subject worth touching on is the relative percentages of the populations of England and India engaged in various industries. In India 86 per cent. are engaged on the land, and in England only 14.6 per cent. In other industries in India there are 12 per cent., and in England, in manufactures, etc., 30.4 per cent. In various other occupations in England, 55 per cent., and in India, 2 per cent. Before the British system of administration broke up the industrial system of India the proportions were different. The co-ordination of industries established by natural process was destroyed, and the bulk of the population engaged in manufacturing was driven out of employment by the flooding of the country with British manufactures, and thrown back upon the land, where the reward of their labor has proved inadequate, under even the most favorable conditions, to sustain life decently.

At first sight it would seem to Americans that it would only be necessary for the English people, in whose name India is governed as has been shown, to be made acquainted with the true state of things for an immediate change to be made. It is most regrettable that it is quite otherwise. Evil counsels have apparently been always uppermost and prevailed in the government of India. Men like the Duke of Devonshire, the late John Bright, the Duke of Argyll, the late Mr. Fawcett, and a host of others have all admitted frankly and without reserve that there was something radically wrong with the government of India; yet when in office they have been as supine, inactive, and as much enslaved by the red tape of the bureaucratic system as the most ardent bureaucrat could desire.

It has been admitted and declared that India is suffering from insufficient administration, but that she cannot afford the cost of more imported English officials. The remedy is acknowledged and said to be the employment of native officials; but they are not employed. As far back as 1787, Sir John Shore foresaw that the time must come when the evils of English administration in India would more than counterbalance its advantages.

In 1893 Mr. Gladstone said that the expenditure of India, but especially the military expenditure, was alarming. Sir David Barbour said, in 1893 also: "The financial position of the government of India at the present moment is such as to give cause for apprehension.... The prospects of the future are disheartening." Lord Lansdowne, when Viceroy, said: "We have to consider not so much the years which are past and gone as those which are immediately ahead of us, and if we look forward to these, there can be no doubt that we have cause for serious alarm."

Lord Macaulay, whose knowledge of India and comprehension of its needs have never been surpassed, said of India in his day: "That would indeed be a doting wisdom which, in order that India might remain a dependency, would make it a useless and costly dependency—which would keep a hundred millions of men from being our customers in order that they might continue to be our slaves." He was speaking then in the middle of the transition period through which India was passing, from a commercial to a bureaucrat-military governed country, but he was not understood. The Duke of Argyll in 1869 said, bluntly: "I must say that we have not fulfilled our duty or the promises and engagements which we have made;" but, having said that, he appears to have satisfied his political conscience. Lord Salisbury in 1875 recognized the evil of the system under which India had to be drained yearly of so much wealth without any equivalent return, but shrugged his shoulders and said there was no help for it but to continue the bleeding process. In 1883 he even went further; and when Lord Northbrook, who had learned something during his viceroyalty in India, pleaded in the House of Lords for the carrying out of the act of 1833, already quoted, and the solemn proclamation of the Queen in 1858, Lord Salisbury settled the question by the astonishing sentence: "My Lords, I do not see what is the use of all this political hypocrisy." Later in 1883 the Duke of Devonshire pointed out that it would not be wise to tell a patriotic native of India that the Indian people shall never have any chance "except by their getting rid, in the first instance, of their European rulers."

Yet this is just what the English rulers of India have been doing, not in words, perhaps, but by implication, and so preparing the way for an upheaval that must be disastrous to the people of India, and may be fatal to the continuance of English rule. In 1875 Sir Louis Mallet, in a Minute on Indian land revenue, said: "By a constant habit of palliating symptoms, instead of grappling with disease, may we not be leaving to those who come after a task so aggravated by our neglect or timidity that what is difficult for us may be impossible for them?" The only Governor-General of India in recent times who has endeavored to grapple with Indian problems in the spirit of a statesman, Lord Ripon, was denounced as an agitator and a disturber by the bureaucratic element that saw the end of its power to "plunder India," as John Bright termed it, coming, if his views prevailed. Repression and drift are now the watchwords of British rule in India, and to what it is drifting may be gathered from the utterances of the leading public men of England and India which have been quoted, and from the symptoms of unrest and disorder manifesting themselves all over the country in various ways.

ANOTHER USE FOR THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

A FORMAL trial has been made of the Röntgen rays in the Paris custom-house in the Northern Line's station with reference to ascertaining the contents of luggage without opening it. M. Pallain, the Director-General of the Customs, took much pains in arranging the essay, and amusingly successful it certainly appears to have proved. Some fifty trunks, boxes, bundles, and bags were selected at random, and a scientific commission were not a little exhilarated by the discoveries following when the rays were turned on them.

A suspicious Belgian packet tied up in straw matting was found to contain orchids, parts of a bicycle, wall-papers, embroideries, but none of the watched-for cigars or brandy-bottles. An innocent-looking box supposed to hold cloth samples sheltered cigars, the rays clearly outlining box and contents. A commonplace valise securely locked was full of a burglar's kit—"jimmies," false keys, brass knuckles, and other mystic conveniences to the profession of an unknown and criminal owner. A trunk with linens, clothes, and other habiliments hid nine large pieces of jewelry packed up in a silk top-hat. In a huge sealed vessel marked "acetate of lead" was a little keg of choice beer; and a set of new fire-arms was wrapped into an old rug. The system of examination by the rays is seriously proposed for French usage, especially in the inland stations where time is scant.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

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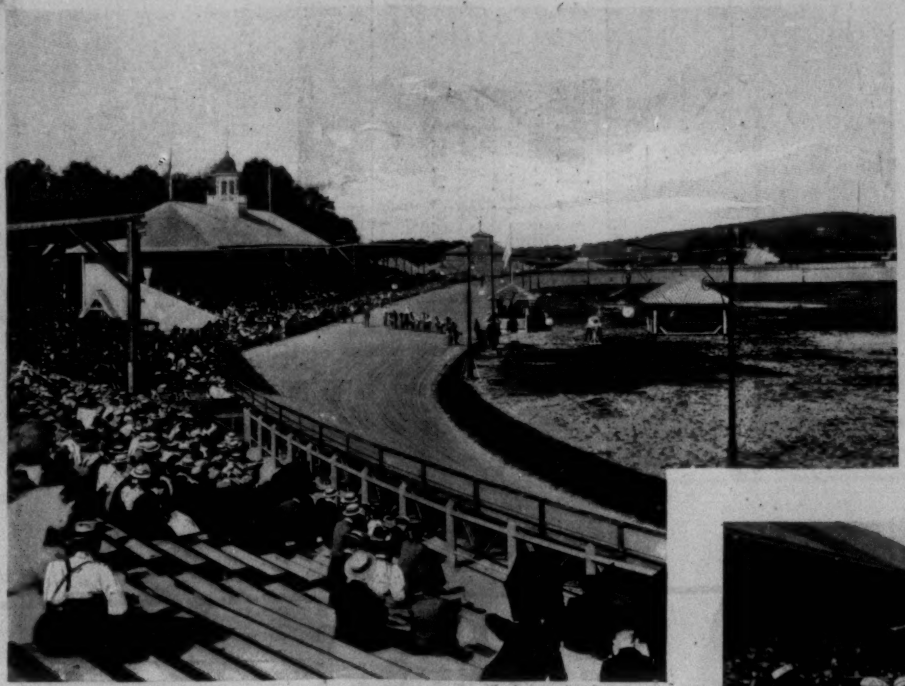
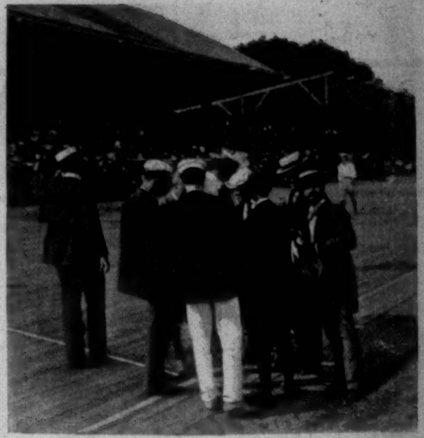


THE WILLOW GROVE TRACK AND GRAND STAND.



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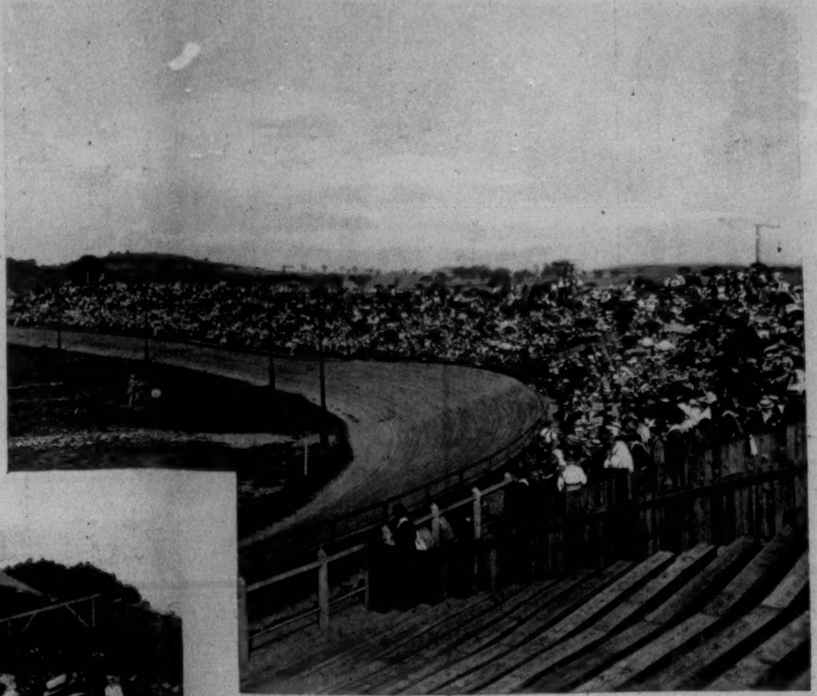
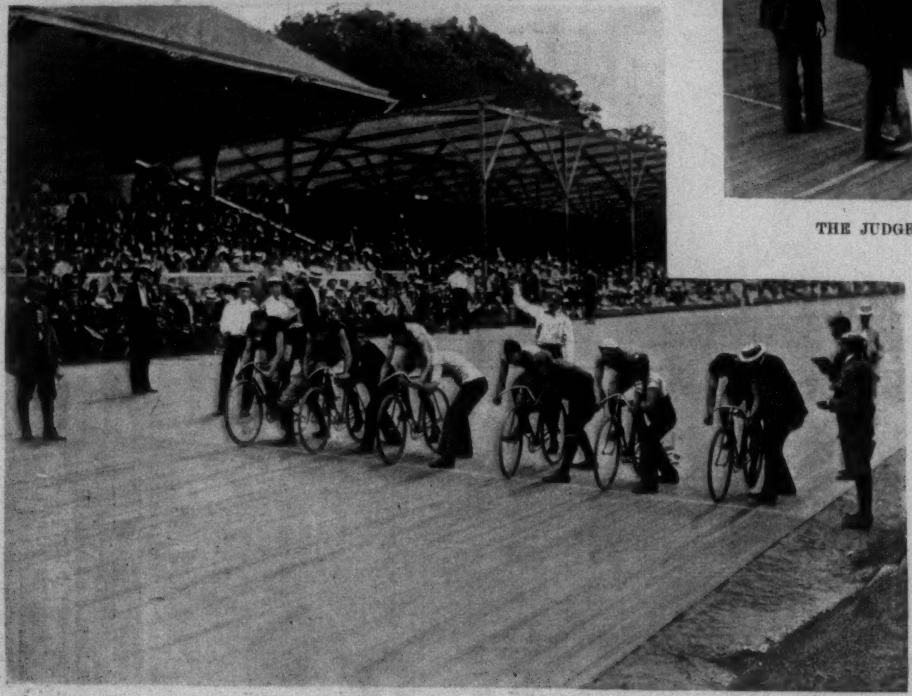


LOOKING ALONG THE BLEACHERS.

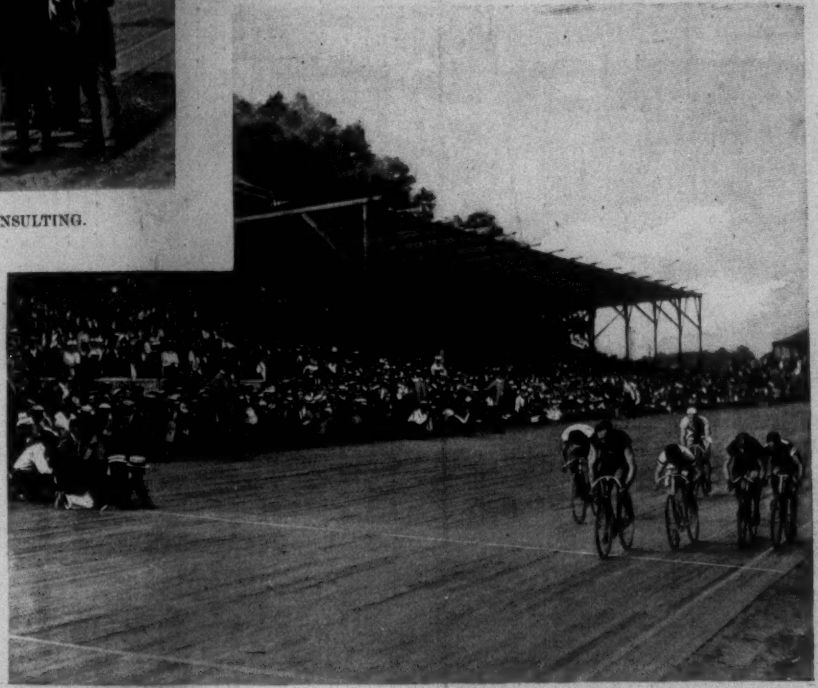
SCENE AT HEADQUARTERS.

WHEELS AT HEADQUARTERS.



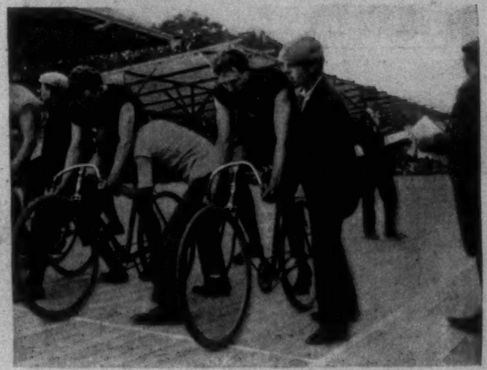
START OF THE ONE-MILE OPEN RACE, AMATEUR, FINAL.

Collett. Reith.



Powell. Peabody. Ertz. Llewellyn.

FINISH OF THE TWO-MILE RACE, NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP, AMATEUR (POWELL WINNING).



Powell.

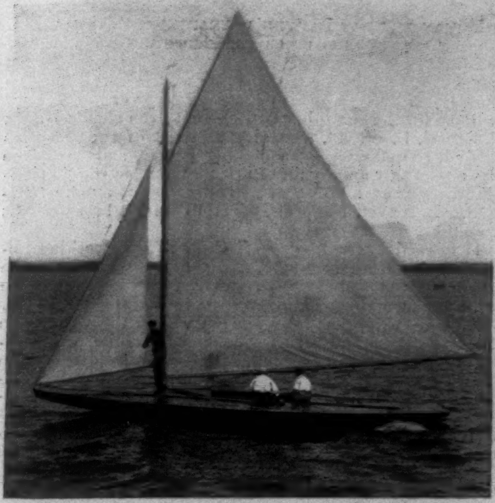
POWELL ON THE MARK.

MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN IN PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 3–7, 1897.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY C. H. GRAVES.

AMATEUR SPORT

IT SEEMS TO BE CUSTOMARY nowadays to measure the success of a yacht cruise by the number of entries attracted by the various cups offered for the purely racing classes. Considered from that view-point, the New York Yacht Club's cruise, which had its official termination last Friday at Bar Harbor, was the least important the club has held in many years. To my way of thinking, however, racing is but an incidental feature that provides a certain amount of entertainment and keeps the mug-hunters in tow and in good humor. Racing, in fact, is to the cruising yachtsman what scorching is to the touring wheelman.

It so happens that in comparatively recent years our *America's* Cup defenders have made their initial appear-



"GLENCAIRN II."
The Canadian Defender of the International Small-Boat Trophy.

ance at about this time of the season, and the cruise of the New York Club has furnished the first excellent opportunity for their trial racing. Prideful interest in the *America's* Cup, and curiosity to see its defenders, have of course swelled the fleet to unusual proportions, and made racing apparently an object of paramount importance.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE RACER in the last ten years, and the comparative disappearance of the cruiser, have reflectively influenced the character of our club fixtures. Time was when the Larchmont and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs each held an annual cruise, which each has abandoned within three years, realizing the limited general interest, and recognizing the prestige and the greater importance of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise. It has come, then, to be well understood that success awaits but one cruise in the season, and that one under the auspices of the New York Club. The strength of the New York Club lies, therefore, in developing the cruising feature, in which it is generally recognized as *premier*, and of lessening its attention to racing pure and simple, which receives more active and more advanced support, and achieves infinitely greater success, under the colors of the Larchmont, the Eastern, and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs. In fine, the New York Club would surely weaken its prestige by ignoring a department—and a most important one—in which it is a recognized head for one in which it is excelled by several other clubs.

START OF THREE-MILE RUN IN THE METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

IN EXTENDING this year's cruise to Bar Harbor Mr. Morgan has signalized his election as commodore of the New York Yacht Club by an instant recognition of these long-patent facts. The run to Bar Harbor was not only without mishap and productive of good sport, but it made the club's cruise something more than a mere name, and gave the event a character it has not hitherto enjoyed. Furthermore, it actually rescued the '97 cruise from going on record as less interesting than usual.

The rendezvous was at Glen Cove, as habitual, and the fleet gathered appeared to be about as large as last year, and to have the usual majority of steamers. A flat calm marked the first day, but the run from Huntington to New London, although begun under fickle winds, ended in a good steady breeze. *Vigilant* led the fleet into the harbor by four minutes; *Hildegarde*, the new schooner, being second, after a fine performance. Racing interest on this run, as on all occasions during the cruise, centred upon *Colonia* and *Emerald*. The latter had been defeated in every one of the three races in which the two had last met at Larchmont, but the difference between them has never been so great as to rob a race of interest. And the N.Y.Y.C. cruise proved that difference to be smaller than was supposed.

"SYCE."

THE RACES BETWEEN these schooners provided, indeed, the excitement of the cruise. *Colonia* crossed the finish-line first on every occasion, but elapsed time gave *Emerald* three victories to *Colonia's* one, and that one only by the narrow margin of 21 s., after two hundred and six miles of racing—a record not before equalled in American yachting annals. It was *Emerald's* weather on the run from Huntington to Newport—a broad reach—and she made the most of it. *Colonia* beat her into the harbor by 2 m., but corrected time gave *Emerald* the victory by a few seconds. From New London to Newport, the race between the two was a glorious one; at no time were they a half-mile apart, and *Colonia* finished first by 1½ m., though losing on corrected time. *Emerald* also won in fickle air by 1 m. 17 s. on the run from Newport to Vineyard Haven. The run to Bar Harbor furnished extraordinary racing between the two. They were practically abeam throughout the entire distance, and *Colonia* won on corrected time by only 21 s.

THE ONLY OTHER schooner to arouse any especial interest was the new *Hildegarde*, a powerful sea-worthy ship, but not in the class with *Colonia* or *Emerald* for racing. Her best showing was on the run to New London. After that she did not figure very prominently in the racing; but on the run to Bar Harbor, although finishing about twenty minutes after *Colonia* and *Emerald*, she beat *Marguerite*, which led all the others, by a good hour and a quarter.

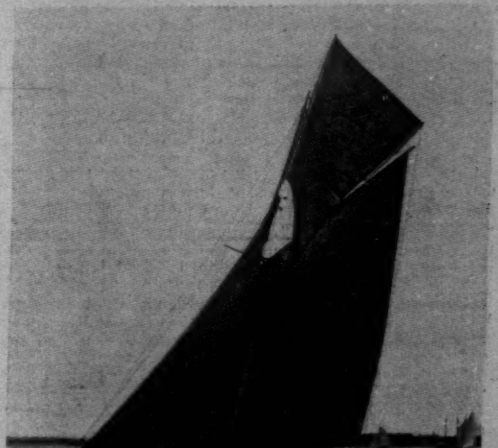
Among the sloops, *Wasp*, *Gloriana*, *Sayonara*, and *Carmita* had an interesting, though not very closely contested, race on the run to Newport, and *Carmita* again showed how much she has been improved by beating out *Wasp*, 14 m., and *Gloriana*, 26 m. 54 s. Fancy the one-time peerless *Gloriana* beaten twenty-six minutes! *Sayonara* was the lucky one—for the day was filled with flukes—from Newport to the Haven, defeating *Wasp*, 14 m., *Gloriana*, 17 m., and *Carmita*, over an hour. *Carmita* did not venture on the run to Bar Harbor, and *Wasp* beat *Sayonara* and *Gloriana* by an hour or more. *Wasp* also won the sealed handicap race off Bar Harbor in thick weather. *Vencedor* only showed up once, and was then beaten by *Syce*, and neither of them went east of Newport. *Queen Mab* has not a single win to her credit, although her elapsed time on the run to Bar Harbor was three minutes better than that of *Wasp's*.

AS IT IS THE FIRST OCEAN RUN of such length any fleet of American yachts has taken, it is worth recording which boats squared their course from Pollock Rip Light-house, off Vineyard Haven, to Mount Desert Rock Light. In order of finish they were *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Navahoe*, *Emerald*, *Hildegarde*, *Marguerite*, *Amorita*, *Fortuna*, *Sachem*, *Iroquois*, *Queen Mab*, *Montauk*, *Wasp*, *Alert*, *Sayonara*, *Gloriana*, *Gevalia*, *Columbia*, *Crusader*, *Viking*, *Varuna*, and *Fenella*. *Vigilant* made the distance in 29 h. 54 m. 28 s., and *Fenella* took 38 h. 55 m.; *Colonia* used 30 h. 32 m. 22 s.

It was a goodly showing, and although the conditions of wind and water were such as to make no demands on the weatherly qualities of the boats, the turnout somewhat made amends for the demoralization of the yachtsmen at Newport, created by an 18-knot breeze on the day of the Goelet Cup races.

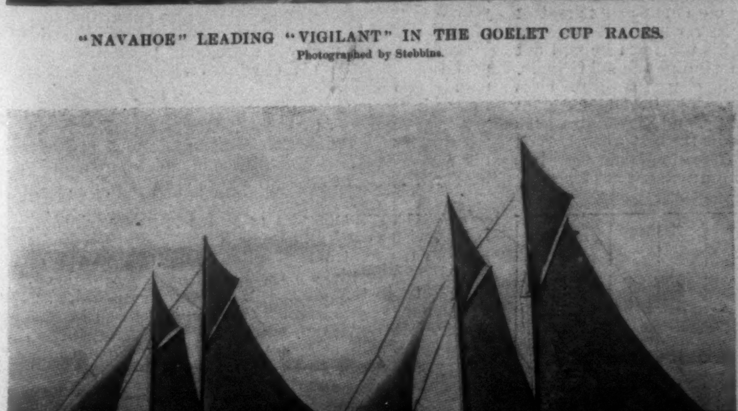
QUITE THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURE of the cruise, not excepting the promise of exciting sport furnished by further racing between *Colonia* and *Emerald*, was the meeting of *Vigilant*, the successful defender of the *America's* Cup in '93, and *Navahoe*, built in the same year, and taken to England by her owner, Royal Carroll, to race for the Cape May and other cups. *Navahoe* achieved no greater success in British waters than did *Vigilant* on her trip in '94. The two sloops had not met until the Larchmont's Fourth-of-July regatta this year, and on that occasion *Vigilant* (which is ten feet longer, and now owned by Percy Chubb) won by 4 m. The N.Y.Y.C. cruise afforded the second opportunity for determining how much difference there is between the two.

On the run from Huntington to New London, 65 miles, it was a broad reach, the conditions under which *Vigilant* is fastest, and she made very lively work of it, going the distance in 5 h. 54 m. *Navahoe* requiring 6 h. 9 m. From New London to the Brenton Reef Light-ship (Newport), 37 miles, the breeze was lighter, and *Vigilant* consumed



"VENCEDOR."

"NAVAHOE" LEADING "VIGILANT" IN THE GOELET CUP RACES.
Photographed by Stebbins.



"EMERALD" AND "COLONIA" AT THE STARTING-LINE FOR THE RUN TO BAR HARBOR.

4 h. 5 m., and *Navahoe* 4 h. 13 m., or on corrected time *Vigilant* beat *Navahoe* about 4 m. 50 s.

THE NEXT MEETING OF THE TWO came in the Goelet Cup race, which *Navahoe* won after a really fine bit of sailing, although *Vigilant* appeared to be very poorly handled, being pinched and paid off and pinched again, in a manner that must have interrupted her headway.

The day of the Goelet Cup races provided some extraordinary exhibitions from the yachtsman's and the sportsman's point of view.

First, *Navahoe's* splendid handling and her well-merited victory over *Vigilant* received not a single congratulatory blast from the steamer fleet of about a dozen assembled at the finish.

Second, the schooner event was a lamentable failure, because, there being no other starter, *Colonia* was left the unsatisfactory alternative of a sail over. Thus only three yachts, *Vigilant*, *Navahoe*, and *Colonia*, started in the Goelet Cup races, which hitherto have been among the most interesting and most sport-giving of the year.

And the reasons offered by some of the owners for not starting were perhaps as extraordinary as anything the disappointing day provided. Some declared the weather too "dirty," some claimed they were not ready, but neither reason seemed sufficiently to explain what savored very much of halting sportsmanship. It would be humiliating indeed to believe that a stiff whole-sail breeze and a bit of a sea intimidated them. But, at all events, *Emerald*, *Amorita*, *Hildegarde*, *Queen Mab*, and *Wasp* remained at anchor.

THE RACE BETWEEN *Vigilant* and *Navahoe*, however, was interesting at all times, and exciting on the finish. *Vigilant* got the better of the start by a good minute and a half. It was a run before the wind on the first leg, and *Vigilant* being slow in getting out her spinnaker, *Navahoe* began at once to lessen her gain, and at the first turn was leading by about 30 s. The next leg was the long one of the triangular course, and *Vigilant*, although boiling through the water at a great pace, seemed to be steering an erratic course. She was still 30 s. behind at the second turn, and there were only six miles of a broad reach to make up that and the about 3¼ m. allowance she was giving *Navahoe*. It was a most inspiriting struggle for the entire length of that leg. *Navahoe* was sailing a beautiful race, and her captain getting all possible speed out of her. *Vigilant* had the wind as she likes best. In an exciting finish *Vigilant* crossed the finish-line first by 25 s., but *Navahoe* had beaten her one minute in actual time over the course and by 4 m. 21 s. taking her allowance into consideration. Mr. Carroll has ample cause for pride in the performance of his sloop. She never behaved more handsomely, nor was sailed better.

The racing record of the cruise gives *Vigilant* five victories; *Emerald*, three; *Wasp*, three; *Colonia*, *Navahoe*, *Syce*, *Sayonara*, and *Carmita*, one each.

THE POLO TOURNAMENT AT POINT JUDITH, Rhode Island, last week, provided ample illustration of the ineffectiveness of brilliant individual endeavor against the concerted efforts of a team, even though the latter be composed of comparatively inferior players. Myopia II. made a consistently winning record because of team-play, and Myopia I. lost for lack of it.

Buffalo, Myopia II., Essex, Point Judith, and a so-called Rockaway II. team were entered for the Narragansett Cups, for which play began with Myopia II. and Buffalo opposed. The latter team made a very fair showing last autumn in the championships at Brooklyn, but it seems to have lost nearly all of what little team-play it then had. Against Myopia II. all the Buffalo players worked industriously and rode hard, but unavailingly, for the absence of team-work and the lack of direction in Seward Cary's drives for goal were too formidable a handicap to overcome. On the other hand, the Myopia II. team worked prettily together. They played a sharp game, stopped quickly, and held their positions. The Buffalo players did not hold their positions, and bunched on overriding the ball in such a way as to put them entirely out of the game for an appreciable instant of time. Buffalo's No. 2 (Charles Cary) and No. 4 (Scatcherd) did the best work for their side. Myopia II. had Meyer, Holmes, Fay, and McKean, and received 3 goals under the handicap, but they earned 9, while Buffalo could score but 5.

THE SECOND ROUND FOR THE CUPS brought two scratch teams together, one called Rockaway II., with Hazard, Kendrick, McFadden, and Myers, and, one Point Judith, with Stevenson, Headley, Wadsworth and Altemus, which received 4 goals under the handicap. The result was a great deal of chasing the ball about the field, but not much good polo. Of what good work there was, Philadelphia, in the persons of Kendrick, McFadden and Altemus, may be said to have supplied the greater amount. "Rockaway" was better horsed, and when after the first period they got fairly together, the contest became too one-sided to be interesting, the final score being 13 goals to 5¼ in "Rockaway's" favor.

Subsequently, Hazard, Kendrick, and McFadden, together with Bostwick, called themselves the Point Judith team, and were soundly beaten by Buffalo II., 9¼ goals to 2.

It is a short-sighted policy that permits of men playing for clubs to which they do not belong; it affords no particular entertainment, as a rule, and by no means encourages development of the substitute class.

Myopia II. replaced Holmes with Rice (to keep within the ten-goal handicap), and in the semi-final round met Essex, which had C. Pfizer, Dallett, C. A. Munn, and Flinsch. Essex only earned one goal in the three periods of play (and lost half of that on penalties), but the game had an interesting phase so far as being an exhibition of what one active player, unsupported by his partners, could accomplish against a well-trained team. Practically the game was Dallett *vs.* Myopia, the former being the only one of the Essex forwards to stay with the ball. On one or two occasions Pfizer made a run, and at the opening of the third period clung tenaciously to the opposing No. 4; but most of the time Essex's game depended on Dallett, and Flinsch who was unprotected and played well under great difficulties. The final score was 7½ to ½ in Myopia II.'s favor. The Narragansett Cups finals brought out Kendrick, McFadden, and Hazard once more, and this time were again "Rockaway II." They met Myopia II., each rated at 14 goals, and beat them 5 goals to 2. The Philadelphians did the best work for "Rockaway II.", and McKean was the only man on Myopia II. to play in form, the usual good work of this team being wanting. Rockaway II. showed poor team-work, but they played with a dash that seemed to carry Myopia II. off their feet.

The Rhode Island Cup finals brought Myopia II. (with Rice) and Buffalo together again, and this time the latter team received an allowance of two goals. It was a repetition in play and very nearly in score of their first meeting. Myopia II. showed the same good team-work that has characterized their play on all but a couple of occasions this season, while Buffalo played an individual game, and not so well as earlier in the week. Buffalo needs team practice badly. Myopia won handily, with a score of 9 to 5¾ goals.

THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE, however, of needed team practice was furnished by the Myopia I.-Meadow Brook I. match last Wednesday for the Point Judith Country Club challenge cup, won by Meadow Brook, 8 goals to 5¼. Myopia had its full strength—Gardner, Shaw, Norman, and Agassiz—26 goals; and Meadow Brook had W. C. Eustis, L. Waterbury, Whitney, and Nicoll—25 goals. Waterbury is a recent acquisition of Meadow Brook, and a very skilful one. Whitney has not been a regular member of the first team, though he is a player of promise. Myopia ought to have made a better showing against Meadow Brook, for the team is much stronger than the difference in handicappings suggests. Meadow Brook played well together and aggressively. Team-play is the pressing need of Myopia; with it their chance of winning the championship this year is glowing, but without it not even Shaw's utmost brilliant and independent efforts will save the team from defeat. Meadow Brook seems destined to be without the aid of Baldwin, though there is a chance of Hitchcock playing. With these two men Meadow Brook would be a prime favorite for the championship. As it is, the present combination, if it holds, is a strong one, and pretty certain to defeat Myopia unless the latter gets together for better teamwork than they revealed at Point Judith.

Myopia sustained another defeat on Saturday at Newport, Westchester (Mortimer, L. and J. M. Waterbury and Cowdin) beating them 8½ goals (2 allowed, 7 earned, ½ lost on foul) to five. The Waterbury boys and Cowdin played strongly, Mortimer did as well as he knows how, and the four put up an excellent team game. With the exception of Gardner, Myopia played better than at Narragansett. Gardner, however, was a long way off form, and really of little service to his side.

POLO ACTIVITY IS NOT CONFINED to the environments of Boston and New York. In Buffalo there are a number of new players and new ponies, and considerable additional interest created by the team's showing last year in the championships and in the play against Chicago at Buffalo. This year the Buffalo tournament begins August 25. Of the Buffalo players Seward, and George and Thomas Cary have been cut down a goal each, making their present handicap 5, 1, and 2, respectively. Scatcherd has been cut from 5 to 4, and Craig Wadsworth raised from 1 to 2.

Chicago, too, has felt the enthusiasm furnished by club rivalry, and diligent practice has been the order since the season opened. The '96 Chicago team included W. V. Booth (3 goals), W. W. Keith (2), J. Ellicott Evans (3), and F. J. Mackey (5), and as these represent the club's greatest strength, they will probably come to Buffalo again this year. There is also to be a match in October with St. Louis, and though the latter club is much newer to the game, it has some promising material. Meantime there is what comes near being a polo boom around Chicago; new ponies have been purchased, new players added to the list, and a general and noticeable improvement in form is apparent at every game. It is not likely that a St. Louis team will play at Buffalo, but they will go to Chicago, and hold a tournament, October 2–9.

Nor is this all of the '97 polo movement. Teams have been recently established at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; Glenwood Springs, Colorado; and at Bozeman, Montana. Mr. P. F. Collier is just starting the game at Southampton, Long Island; and Mr. Devereux Emmet is doing the same at Smithtown, Long Island, where there are a number of young and keen candidates. At Fort Riley, Kansas, there is regular play.

THE TRIP TO CHICAGO and the hurried fatiguing return have probably done R. D. Wrenn's game no good, and is quite apt to have actually harmed Larned's form. If it so happened that Larned met one of the Englishmen in the very early rounds at Newport, it would not at all surprise me to see him defeated. The defeat of Wrenn by Nisbet seems to have occasioned surprise, but not to those who have seen for themselves what a good game Nisbet plays, and know that Wrenn's game is not at its greatest strength in three-set matches. Nevertheless it indicates that if Larned does not play in his top form he will not keep one of the Englishmen from winning the All Comers, nor Wrenn successfully defend the championship if he is even a little off his best condition. The Britishers cannot be counted upon to beat themselves, and if America wins at Newport this week, it must be by the best work Larned or Wrenn has ever done. The following summary gives the results of the Wyandot Club tournament at Chicago:

Matches—Best two out of three sets.	Wrenn.	Nisbet.	Larned.	Eaves.	Collins.	Mahony.	Matches Won.
R. D. Wrenn........			1	1	1	1	4
Nisbet.............	1			1	1	1	4
Larned		1		1	1	1	4
Eaves...............					1	1	2
Collins							0
Mahony							0
Matches lost ...	1	1	1	3	4	4	

Nisbet's victory over Wrenn may have been unexpected, but it was earned by severe service and brilliant placing. Eaves played as steadily as at Hoboken, and Nisbet much better. Mahony was about in the same form, Wrenn a bit steadier, and Larned not so much so.

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT at Newport this week is invested with more than usual importance because of the three British experts. It is to be hoped the happy-go-lucky chance system of drawing to which the Association has reverted this year will not bring all the experts together in the first rounds. We have so few first-class performers that we should like to see them distributed. Outside of Larned and the Englishmen, there is not a player of the first class entered, and but for the visitors, sole interest of the week would centre upon the struggle for supremacy among the second class and the meeting in the championship round between Wrenn and Larned.

Larned, in his progress towards the All-comers cup, may meet two of the Englishmen, and the chances are just as good that he will meet only one. At all events, we are assured of four good matches in the week.

IT MAY BE THAT LARNED'S STEADINESS this year is betraying me into too much confidence in his ability, but my impression is strong that he will defeat at Newport any one or two, as the case may be, of the Englishmen he may meet. There is no possible conqueror of the Englishmen among the other entries—not even should Nisbet fall to G. L. Wrenn, who, although not of such class as Nisbet, is undoubtedly a coming player, and meantime has a way now and again of arising unexpectedly to occasions. However, defeat of Nisbet seems too much exaltation. Moreover, I expect Nisbet to do his best work at Newport.

If Larned has not gone off through overworking immediately before Newport, and shows such form as he did in his Hoboken match with Eaves, then he will win the All Comers, and meet R. D. Wrenn, the present champion, for the United States championship. And this will be one of the most exciting struggles of the week. I frankly confess myself unable to reach a definite conclusion as to the result of that match. Larned's tennis is much more brilliant than Wrenn's, and his form better; but Wrenn is a remarkable getter, and plays an uphill, ding-dong game that is particularly wearing upon Larned's play and composure. On the other hand, Wrenn was considerably off his form at Hoboken, and though somewhat better in Chicago, still not enough so to give confidence in his beating Larned when the latter does not beat himself, as he did on the Wyandot courts.

But Wrenn never does get into form until the last week. It is to be remembered, too, that Larned this year has played with a steadiness never before so continuously exhibited, and that and the pluck he showed in the match with Eaves add yet more difficulties in the choice between him and Wrenn. It seems to me not so much a question of tennis as of disposition, and while I realize the superiority of Larned's strokes, I cannot escape the feeling that Wrenn will defeat him if they meet.

SHOULD LARNED BE DEFEATED for the All Comers, and one of the Englishmen meet Wrenn for the United States championship, there will be less question of Wrenn's success, I think, than if Larned be the challenger. I should always feel greater confidence in Wrenn scoring against Mahony or Eaves or Nisbet (despite the latter's Chicago triumph) than against Larned. Although having had ample practice since arriving, Mahony has failed to equal the form he displayed here two years ago; he may reach it at Newport. It is not that he shows weakness on any stroke, but his entire game is not so severe or so accurate as it was in '95. Eaves has reached his top form in recent play, and Nisbet appears to find the American climate as congenial as did Jordan the Oxford quarter-miler. Nisbet has played in the best form of his career, and, strangely enough, has defeated both Mahony and Eaves, although himself disposed of by Larned and Wrenn much easier than were Mahony and Eaves.

THE SECOND CLASS SHOULD PROVIDE much interesting play by G. L. Wrenn, Jr., Fischer, Stevens, Whitman, Ware, and Sheldon; and we have some curiosity as to the position that still lower-classed but improving player J. D. Forbes will attain in the tournament. The fact also that E. R. Marvin (Harvard), an unclassified player, recently beat J. C. Davidson, the Southern expert, and a member of Class 6 in the '96 ranking, brings another new candidate into the field for lower-class honors, although he was beaten in the same tournament by C. P. Dodge (Yale).

Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, Jr., and Stevens are ranked 5, 6, 7, and together in Class 2, but there seems slight doubt that Wrenn is the best of the three; and I think this week will prove it. So, also, Whitman, Ware, Sheldon, and Budlong are ranked together in Class 3. Budlong, several years ago, promised well, but has never fulfilled that promise. Last year Whitman, Ware, and Sheldon also gave great promise of attaining a high degree of tennis efficiency; but although Ware has shown very good tennis, he has not reached expectations, despite his Canadian championship. Whitman has on only one occasion shown play suggestive of a future in his game, and Sheldon thus far is a disappointment. It remains to be seen whether at Newport they will justify the opinion we formed last year of their tennis possibilities. Competition in this class will be the keener if Kreigh Collins, the Western champion, plays.

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS AS SIDE ISSUES OF winter-resort hotels, with a car-load of expert importations, were in days gone by frequent in the far South, but tournaments organized by home players for home players have been rare enough to justify comment. Generally speaking, tennis tournaments have been more novel in the South than elsewhere. But football, baseball, and athletics in the colleges have awakened a kindred desire outside of them. This year the first Alabama State Lawn-Tennis championship was held at Montgomery, and after three days of interesting competition, won by J. Ware Walker, of Montgomery. Partnered by Jones, Walker also won the doubles.

Comment on National Rowing Championships deferred until next week.

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